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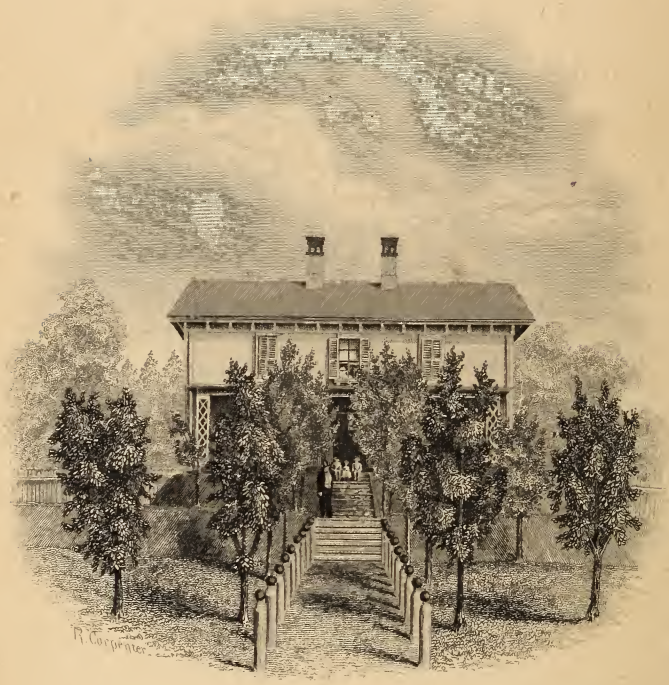
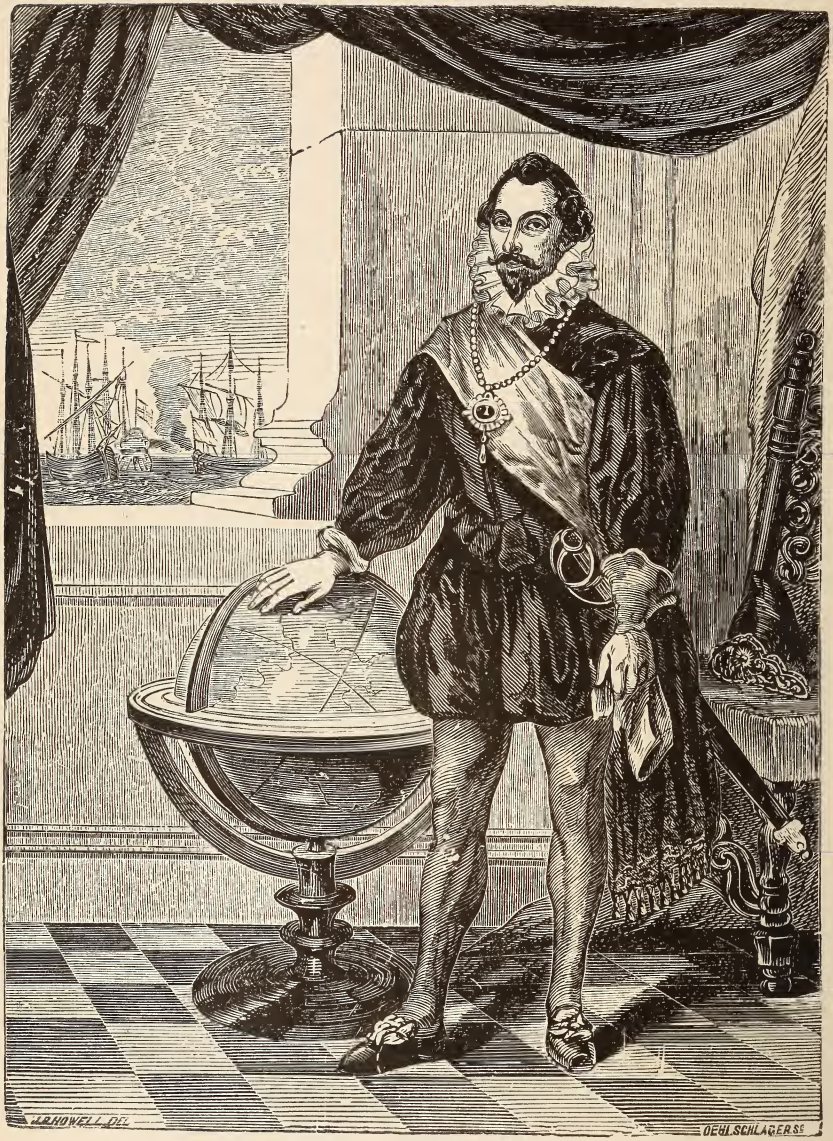


A Home in Contraband



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

First White Man on a New England Shore (Chronology: Drake, 1586; Pilgrims, 1620; John Eliot, the Apostle, 1631).

LESSONS

OF

LAW AND LIFE,

FROM

John Eliot, the Apostle

TO THE

Indian Nations of New England.

By ROBERT BOODEY CAVERLY,

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS, U. S., BAR,

AUTHOR OF "EPICS, LYRICS, AND BALLADS;" "DUSTON AND THE INDIAN WARS OF NEW ENGLAND;" "LEGENDS (HISTORIC, DRAMATIC, AND COMIC);" "BATTLE OF THE BUSH," AND OF OTHER WORKS.

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To the

Reverend Clergy of New England,

AND TO THE

Teacher and Advanced Student in the Sabbath School or Church,

THESE

LESSONS OF LAW AND LIFE, HISTORIC,

ARE INSCRIBED.

Faithfully, Thine,

ROBT. B. CAVERLY.

CENTRALVILLE, Feb. 22, 1880.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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ELIOTS IN ENGLAND.

Introductory.

Before advancing to obtain Lessons from John Eliot, the Apostle, we turn to his ancestry. There is no test, in bringing to light the merits of a man, better or more conclusive than to exemplify the blood that moves him. True it shall be found, that the life-current which fed the Evangelist had flowed auspiciously in England through many a successive channel for more than seven hundred years, leaping forth and meandering in all its life-inspiring elements, and from the pure original fountains of good-will, social gladness, and progressive manhood.

Sir William.

When William the Conqueror, in the year 1066, with his army, in seven hundred ships, then landing on the shores of England, at Pevency, he had on board an *Eliot*, — not an apostle, but the remote ancestor of our New England evangelist. It was no other than *Sir William De Aliot*, a military officer under the great Conqueror, then valiant, and then in high command.

History bears record that the landing of that vast army was made without resistance; that the archers landed first, that they wore short habits, and had their hair cut close; that the horsemen next followed, wearing steel head-pieces, tunics, and cuirasses, and with long, heavy spears, and straight, two-edged swords; and then, to the shore, next came the workmen of the army, pioneers, carpenters, and smiths, who unloaded on the strand, piece by piece, prepared beforehand, three wooden castles already framed.

The Conqueror being the last of all to touch the English shore, in the setting of his foot upon it, made a false step, and fell in the mud upon his face; at which there went up a murmuring cry, "God preserve us! God preserve us! This is a bad sign!" But the duke, rising to his feet (with hands full of mud), cried out, "See, seigniors! I have seized England with both hands! See, seigniors! All is our own!"

Then one of the men, running forward, and snatching a handful of thatch from the eaves of a hut, turned to the duke and exclaimed to him, "Sire, come forward, and receive seizen of this land! I give you seizen! This land is yours!" The duke answered aloud, "I accept it! I accept it! May God be with us!"

Thus landed the first Eliot, eight hundred years ago, on England's shores,—a valiant officer, in the midst of an army of conquerors. According to history, Sir William, our Eliot's remote ancestor, then and there addressing the duke, and swearing fidelity, declared that "at the hazard of his life, he would maintain the rights of his lord, the Conqueror, to the vast sovereignty of England."

For this avowed fidelity, the Conqueror at once added to the Eliot coat-of-arms a canton (on a field of azure), an arm and sword as a crest, with the motto, "*Per saxa, per ignes; fortiter et recte*,"—"Over rocks, through fires; bravely and honorably."

Ever since the Norman conquest, England's places of honor and trust have constantly called them out. Especially since the reign of James the First (1625) the Eliot name stands on the record highly honored. Independent of royal appointments, generalships, and other high places, no less than thirty Eliots, both from England and Scotland, represent the realm as members of Parliament.

Descendants.

From that noble knighthood have descended Maj.-Gen. George Augustus Eliot, honored as Lord Heathfield; Sir Gilbert Eliot, the Earl of Minto; and most, if not all, the many thousands of distinguished Eliots who have since lived in England, including

those who, within the last two hundred and fifty years, have landed and lived on these our New England shores.

And proud may the race be, that the same heroic blood that moved one of the old conquerors, is fruitful of inspiration in the veins of the generous Eliots in this our day. For more than fourscore years, it came, — coursed and moved the Apostle, inspiring life and light and love divine, on his mission to the heathen tribes of the wilderness.

Aside from the Eliot ancestry in England, now unremembered, unknown, in spite of oblivion, which in stealth creeps in, overwhelming the generations of earth, the Eliot name everywhere still adorns the English annals.

Sir John Eliot.

This noble knight, born in 1590, was a member of Parliament from Newport, and afterwards representing Cornwall, — was a leader in the House in the latter part of the reign of James II and the first part of Charles I. Repeatedly he had made himself prominent in opposition to the king's assumed prerogative; and finally, among other things, he strenuously led off in opposition to the levying of tonnage and poundage by the king himself, without consent of the House of Commons.*

Being an active man, and a decided enemy to favorites and their encroachments, Sir John was appointed by the House a manager in the impeachment trial of the Duke of Buckingham. By reason of his action in this, he, with his associate Digges and others, was committed to the Tower by the king, but was soon afterwards released.

In 1628 he was again imprisoned, with others, for his alleged parliamentary misconduct, and for his refusing to answer for it before the Privy Council; and yet he was again released.

Again the king having persisted in the aggressions above named, and Sir John, in concert with other members, having

* Among the many great men associated with Sir John Eliot, were Sir Edward Coke, Sir Edwin Sandis, Sir Robert Philips, Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir Thomas Wentworth, the noble Earl of Strafford. — Hume's Hist., Vol. V, pp. 33, 34, 59, 60.

at length framed a remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage by the king without consent of the House, presented it to the clerk to be read; but the clerk refused. Thereupon Sir John arose, and read it to the House himself.

The question being called for, the speaker objecting, said he had a command from the king *not to put any question*, but to adjourn the House; and, rising up, leaving the chair, an uproar ensued.

The speaker was pushed back into his chair, and was forcibly held into it by Hollis and Valentine, until a short remonstrance in writing was framed by Sir John, which, without vote, was passed by acclamation. In this, Papists and Arminians were declared by the House capital enemies to the commonwealth, as well as those who had been concerned in levying tonnage and poundage. The doors at this time being locked, the usher of the House of Lords, sent by the king, could not obtain admittance, until that remonstrance on the motion of Sir John Eliot had been carried through.*

Position of the King.

These proceedings of the House were denounced by the throne as seditious, and on this account several members of the House were imprisoned, but were afterwards, with much difficulty, released.

Sir John in Court.

This member, with Hollis, Valentine, and others, was (May 29, 1628) summoned to his trial before the King's Bench for "seditious speeches and behaviour." Sir John was charged of having declared, in the House, that "the council and judges conspired to trample under their feet the liberties of the subject and the privileges of Parliament"; and being arraigned before a tribunal inferior to his own, as asserted, he refused to answer. Thereupon the King's Bench condemned him to be imprisoned in the Tower at the king's pleasure, and to pay a fine of £2,000. His parliamentary associates received less, but similar, sentences.

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* Hume, Vol. V, p. 59.

The king, in the midst of embarrassment, offered them a release on the terms of concession, to which they would not yield, nor would they accept of bail generously offered; but for the cause of liberty they cared not for the bonds that held them. Under this imprisonment Sir John Eliot died in the Tower Nov. 27, 1632. This was announced throughout the realm as the death of a martyr, and it was not very long afterwards (1648) when his royal oppressor also died, beheaded.*

The Apostle in England.

The first now known of our John, the Apostle, is, when he was at school with Rev. Thomas Hooper, at Little Baddow, in Essex,† as an usher, or assistant teacher; and tradition has it, that he was also schooled for some time in the University at Cambridge, but of this last statement there is some doubt.‡

The Apostle, as well as his brothers Philip and Jacob, was once supposed to have originated at Nasing, in Essex; but a special historian has journeyed to that town, and upon diligent search, finds no evidence of it. Nor does it in any way appear that the Apostle ever saw that town.

In 1631, the year previous to Sir John Eliot's death in the Tower, the Apostle and his two brothers, disgusted at the then oppressive papacy, and at the royal misrule as affecting themselves and kindred ties, had made up their minds to desert England.§

About to Embark.

Being about to leave the realm, these Eliot brothers must needs advance to take final leave of favored friends. So doing,

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* Hume's History of England, Vol. V, pp. 59, 60, 371.

† Hooker was suspended from the ministry by reason of his hostility to papacy and royalty as then administered; and years afterwards, in 1640, left England in the ship "Griffin," with two hundred others (among whom Oliver Cromwell started, but turned back), and finally settled in Connecticut, and was honored as the "Moses" of that State.

‡ Eliot Gen., p. 35.

§ Life of Eliot, by Francis, pp. 6, 7, and note. Hist. of Puritans, Vol. II, p. 245.

we seem to see them on the way, hurriedly advancing in and along the narrow highways of London to its Tower, on a visit to their dear old uncle, Sir John Eliot, the Martyr. They pass incognito. Their sympathies concentre at the Tower. They know and feel the injustice of the imprisonment, and the cruelty of that royal power which holds him within its walls. Foremost, as they advance, the great white fortification heaves in sight, and then next its outstanding twelve towers, and then a spacious moat or canal that surrounds it. Here, then, a fortress, terrible in its history, and awful in its frowning strength and power, now stands before them. They gaze glancing upon its embattled watch-towers, and upon its heavy, time-stained, stately walls.

Up the Stairway.

Permitted by "the warder, or yeoman of the guard," they pass the gateway into the outer ward, and farther onward enter within and along up the heavy stairway from the inner ward, and still higher along between the various dismal dungeons and solitary apartments of the great white Tower.

Tools of Torture.

On their winding way upward, step after step, on either side are seen, in various forms, the many implements of cruelty and death of long-gone years. Here is seen the collar of torment; there the thumb-screw; there the rack and the stock that destroyed the limbs of men, and the block that held the heads of queens. There, too, among thousands of other dread implements, is the broad, bloody axe which, one after another, all the way through England's reign of terror, had left kings headless and many a noble heart lifeless. As they move upward, gazing, wondering, the splendor of royalty and the beauty of queens fall oft upon their vision. The dazzling insignia of royalty and the glittering power of princes are exemplified. Found high up in one of the towers, in all their value and beauty, they behold

England's Jewels.

These diadems are grouped. The crown of the sovereign consists of a cap of purple velvet, enclosed in hoops of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, all brilliant in diamonds. In the centre of the cross is the inestimable sapphire; and in front is the heart-shaped ruby once worn by the Black Prince.

St. Edward. — One of the group is the crown of this prince, made of gold, richly embellished with emeralds, pearls, and other precious gems.

Prince of Wales. — The crown of this prince is of pure gold, unadorned. It is a crown which usually is placed before the seat of the heir-apparent in the House of Lords.

Ancient Queen's Crown. — This is used at coronations, for the queen's consort.

Queen's Diadem. — This is adorned with large diamonds and pearls.

St. Edward's Staff. — Made of beaten gold; it is four feet seven inches in length, and is surmounted with an orb. It is carried before the king at the coronation.

The Royal Sceptre. — This, with the cross, is usually carried before the Archbishop of Canterbury at the coronation. It is of gold, adorned with jewels.

Rod of Equity. — This sceptre is placed in the hand of the sovereign at the coronation. Made of gold, it has an orb, and a dove with expanded wings.

Ivory Sceptre. — This was the sceptre of "Queen Marie De Estie."

The Golden Sceptre. — This seems to have originated from Queen Mary, of William the Third, and is the last of the group.

These, to the brothers, were indeed "glittering generalities."

Inscriptions, Offences, and Cruelties.

Next they enter various other departments, encased with huge walls, upon which now and then are deeply engraved the many sentimental sayings, inscribed in plain letters, — some in English,

some in Latin, and others in other languages,—by the many heroic victims, men and women, who in by-gone ages had perished in the Tower.

On one side, over the fireplace, is found the name "Philip Howard." Philip was the son of the Duke of Norfolk, who in 1572 had been beheaded for the grave offence of having aspired to the hand of the dear Mary, Queen of Scots. This was the duke's offence. Philip's own crime proves to have been an ardent devotedness to the church of his choice, at which Queen Elizabeth had taken offence. Philip, seeing his danger, tried to escape into exile; but, detected, was seized and sent to the Tower, where, upon its walls, over his name (immortalized), he engraved the following words:—

"*Quanto plus affectiones pro Christo in hoc secula plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.* *Philip Howard.*

"*Arundell, June 22, 1587.*"

The interpretation of this declares that, "The more suffering with Christ in this world, the more glory shall be obtained with Christ in the world to come."

Philip's Sentence.

This same earl, being found guilty of high treason, was condemned to death, but having been convicted on religious grounds, was not beheaded, but, doomed, was held a prisoner for life. Worn with sorrow, he expired in the Tower, "1595, aged 39." In person he was tall, of a swarthy complexion, but "had an agreeable mixture of sweetness and grandeur of countenance, with a soul superior to all human considerations."

Next they come to the inscriptions made by Arthur Poole, on the north side of his cell, to wit: "*Deo servire penitentiam inire fato obedire Regnare est.* *A. Poole, 1564 I. H. S.*"

It seems that Arthur was in the belief that "to live penitently, yield to fate, and serve God, is to reign."

And again, the same prisoner leaves on the walls other words, "I. H. S. A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant." "A. 1568." "Arthur Poole." "A. C. sue 37 A. P."

In another place in the walls are found, from his brother, the

following: "*I. H. S. Dio semin . . . in lachrimis exultatione mater. A. E. 21 E. Poole 1562.*" "That which is sown of God in tears is to be reaped in joy."

Under one of the autographs of Edmund Poole is the word "*Iane.*" This is said to have been the royal title of Lady Jane Gray; and as appears, Lady Jane herself, while imprisoned in the Tower, left an inscription scratched upon the wall with a pin, as follows:—

> "To mortals' common fate thy mind resign,
> My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine."

Imprisonment and Death.

It was in 1640, when Sir Thomas Cromwell, for his Reformation sentiments, was cast into the Tower, and afterwards was beheaded on Tower Hill. About this time, in the midst of heresy and delusion, the dungeons were filled with learned divines.

In 1546, Anne Askew, a lady of merit, for denying in conversation the doctrine of transubstantiation, was tortured in the Tower, and then burnt at the stake in Smithfield.

The offence of Margaret, the Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, was that she was of royal blood. When brought to the scaffold on the green, she refused to lay her head upon the block, saying, "So do traitors use to do, and I am no traitor." An awful scene followed. At length the headsman dragged the countess by her long, frosty locks to the block. Thus perished the last full blood of the Plantagenets.

Sir Walter Raleigh, once an inhabitant of the New World, was afterwards seized in England, charged of being concerned in the plot of placing on the throne Lady Arabella Stuart. For this he was held a prisoner in the Tower twelve years. Released, he went to Guiana in search of gold; but failing in that enterprise, on his return, for the original offence, he was again remanded to the Tower, and without reason was beheaded in 1618.* While in the Tower that noble Raleigh wrote a history of the world.

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*Hume, Vol. IV, p. 452.

Thomas Wentworth,* Earl of Strafford, one of England's most eminent sons, was incarcerated in the Tower for trying to withstand the popular current, which was concentrating to a revolution, and in 1641 was beheaded, to the intense grief of his sovereign.

Statuary and Weapons.

Present to the brothers, as they advance, are also other unnumbered victims of despotic vengeance in the by-gone centuries. They behold, in deep thought, the emblematic banners which floated over heroes like Edward I, Edward III, the Black Prince, and many others, such as had been fanned by "the whirlwinds of war and by the crimson wing of conquest." Here, too, on the right and left as they pass, are the cross-bows, with their stocks curiously carved, used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here, also, is the carved steed, bearing away upon himself, in his pride, Elizabeth, Queen of England. Here, too, fronting the queen, is the equestrian statue of a noble knight wielding in his hand a tilting lance, clad in the closest armor. Also, farther upward, is the figure of an archer in a brigandine jacket; and there, too, is a cross-bow used in the days of our remote Eliot and William the Conqueror, with groups of spears on all sides of it. Next to be noticed are rugged shields, with scenes from the story of Hercules; helmets and breast-plates, ancient firearms, match-locks, etc., innumerable. Still farther upward are groups of arms and armor, iron skull-caps, and various figures of statuary; effigies of noble knights on horseback, very common, among which appears Charles the First on horseback in the same gilt armor which he had received as a gallant gift from the city of London. All these, and immensely more, excite the senses of our Eliot brothers on that day in the heart of their native England, and in the proudest city of the world.

Now, half halting, our young Apostle, breaking silence, thus addresses Philip and Jacob: —

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* Sketches of the Tower, p. 38.

Royal Outrages.

These, as you see, are but the emblems that have come down from a wild, unjust, untutored ambition, whence dread heresies, and the thirst for power, have, through carnal weapons, been allowed to gain the ascendancy over a Christian civilization as found in the laws of God, and which forever must needs be enforced, pursuant to "the great God's Golden Rule." Thus in this our English fathers have failed. England, beautiful England, whose mountains have been made vocal with the high-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay, hath suffered all this. Indeed, a better era shall follow her. Then shall her kings and queens reign in righteousness; and "then shall her princes decree justice."

Next, now, as the brothers pass, are pointed out to them the various dungeons which long previously had been filled with the mighty men of Scotland. For here it was that King Baliol was imprisoned in 1297; where, also, the noble Wallace suffered imprisonment and death in 1305; where the gallant earls of Ross, of Athol, and of Monteith, in 1346, King David Bruce's time, all perished;* and where, also, the six hundred Jews must have been quartered, who inhabited the Tower, prisoners in the reign of Edward the Third, and during the military career of "Sir Hugh Calverly, the *chevalier verte*," who first used guns in England's wars.†

In 1406, in the reign of Henry IV, the boy Prince James, son of Robert III, King of Scotland, when on a sea-voyage to France to obtain an education, driven by storm and tempest, was cast upon the shores of England. Now, for reason that Scotland was then at war with King Henry, this infant prince was seized, as if by a wrecker, and was consigned to the Tower of London, and was there held imprisoned eighteen years. He educated himself there, and in after life, crowned, he at length became renowned "for consummate wisdom and virtue."

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* See Harmon's Sketch, pp. 32, 33.

† These Jews, for this, their offence of having adulterated the coin of the realm, with their entire nation, were finally released from the Tower, by being banished from England. See Hume, Vol. II, pp. 124, 131, 256–282, 337.

It was in the Tower that the Black Prince, then in the fifteenth century, the pride and delight of England, fell a prey to "the wolf-like passions of rival factions." At this period were seen the tyrants' darkest deeds. Then it was that royal cousins, in wrath, struggled for the crown, now and then dooming the unhappy aspirant to a dismal dungeon, or to a dread assassination. Rampant for power, they increased the traffic in tools of torture, in the building of scaffolds, and in deeds of blood.

Here (seen by the brothers) is the image of Queen Anne, consort of Richard II, on her knees pleading in tears at the feet of her lord, for her dear king's own friend, Sir Simon Burley, all in vain; and Sir Simon, "that noble Knight" (1388), was made the first victim beheaded upon the new scaffold at Tower Hill. Discontent follows Richard II, and soon he resigns his kingdom to his relative Bolingbroke, in language as follows: "Fair cousin Henry, Duke of Lancaster, I give and deliver to you this crown, and therewith all the rights thereto depending." Richard himself was then committed to the Tower, and thence to Pomfret Castle in Yorkshire; and to this day a sable veil conceals his death.

Nor was the reign of Bolingbroke peaceful. Ah! how truthful the poet sings,—

> "Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
> To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
> Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
> To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?"

It was here, in 1485, when in front of St. Peter's Chapel, Lord Hastings was doomed to instant death at the mandate of Richard III. And from here, from within the Tower's dismal recesses, the renowned Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, after a long imprisonment for religious opinions (1417), was carted away, and at the fields of St. Giles was burnt at the stake. And here during the reign of Henry the Eighth, when Rome was at its height in persecutions, and the populace were frantic in charges of heresy, the broad gates of the Tower of London were wide open swung in the reception of innocent hearts.

Under statutes that empowered the "Bishop to imprizon any

one suspected" of heresy, the dungeons of the Tower were soon filled with pious convicts. The illustrious Lord Chancellor, Thomas More, and Fisher, the venerable Bishop of Rochester, covered as he was with the frosts of eighty winters, were held here as heretics, thus to pine away their otherwise useful lives in solitude and sadness, until death at length relieved them. They were held under the wrath of King Henry, the professed head of the church.* This old bishop, while there, in a letter to one of the lords, complains: "I have neither shirt nor sute to wear, but that be ragged, and rent so shamefully—and my dyett also, God knoweth how slender it is at meny times."

In 1533, Anne Boleyn was the pious queen of Henry VIII. She was escorted to him by the Lord Mayor of London, arrayed in scarlet and clad in golden chains, "amidst the great melody of trumpets and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns." In 1536 her home was in the Tower. The traitor gates opened wide to receive Queen Anne; she came attended by her jailers; her fair fame had departed, and the gloom of death overshadowed her. Charged of unfaithfulness to her king, and arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk, she was condemned to death, at which she exclaimed, "O Father! O Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, Thou knowest I have not deserved this death." On the 19th of May, 1536, a mournful procession passed over the green. Anne Boleyn, dressed in black, surrounded by a retinue of sympathetic maidens, was on the way from the Tower to the scaffold, there in person transcendently beautiful, "mournfully brilliant." Here ended the earthly career of a generous queen.

In 1553, dread royalty again is seen in the Tower, during the ten days' reign of Lady Jane Grey, who, as it often is told, fell a victim to the unholy ambition of the Duke of Northumberland. Her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, was executed about the same time, on Tower Hill. Lady Jane, as declared by Fuller, "had the innocense of childhood, the beauty of youth, the learn-

* Parliament conferred on the king, power as a supreme head of the church of England.—Hume's Hist. of Eng., Vol. III, pp. 189-197, 490, 491.

ing of a clerk, the solidity of middle life, the gravity of old age, and the soul of a saint." She, like many others, died a victim to a low ambition under a thirst for power, and against all law, true religion, and common decency.

At the Cell of Sir John.

Here the brothers, conducted, have at length arrived. With eager eyes they glance at their kind uncle, the martyr, in silent solitude. The old man, startled at their footsteps, rising up, turns himself hither and thither like a caged lion, as if from a deep slumber, or from an absorbing reverie. A long imprisoned beard rests loosely upon his breast; the frosts of dreary winter hang, spread wide, upon his shoulders; yet there is the blood of an Eliot in the long, pale, furrowed cheek, and a flash of fire, glimmering, still twinkles in the old man's eye.

The brothers draw near; and oh! with what gladness, what love and thankfulness, does the oppressed martyr meet and greet them, separated only by intervening bolts and bars. The old knight, after an interchange of greetings, pauses, listening to a brief detail of their designs for the future, as they were now about to leave their native land, to sojourn for life in a wilderness afar off, beyond the high seas, breaking silence, advises them thus: "For the just liberties of the realm I remain here. This Tower is my home. But, for you, full of life, England in its distractions, having become offensive, it is but wise that the Puritan should leave it. Full of vigor, you may as well go to the New World. Accept of no office there. Trust to your own strength in the faith of God. Divulge not incurable difficulties. Keep your own councils, that the disadvantages of this sad Old World may not encumber you there in the New; observe the law and keep the faith."

The brothers are silent, sad. An extended hand, a half-suppressed adieu, is had, and then an heart-felt, old-fashioned farewell is extended and returned. Sadly away the brothers turn; the old knight sinks back into his couch, again thoughtful, silent, at rest.

By this the shades of night are beginning to becloud the Tower, and the brothers, turned, are beginning to tread downward the various stairways that wind in and about its dark dungeons and lofty walls. Descending cautiously, the terrible apparitions of England's royal cruelties, with unseemly sights of her sainted subjects slain within this fearful fortress, fall constantly upon their vision. At every footstep, the hollow, sepulchral rotunda resounds with the agonizing sighs and groans, as the spectral victims of regal rage and power of the past seem constantly to give unearthly utterances. From the ceiling, from every step and stairway, the complaints of sainted souls, whose blood had been shed here, and whose dust hath been trampled under the foot of princely power, seem everywhere audible. From the pores of the pilasters and crevices of the eternal walls, the innocent blood of men and women, in the midst of sepulchral accents, seems to ooze out. Nay, behind every statue or image of royalty, behind the bloody block, or rack of torture, or statue, as they pass, unseemly ghosts of kings, or of queens, or of martyred innocence, strangely appear, peeping out.

Thus, to the Apostle and brothers in the Tower, while rambling in the midst of its terrible emblems, did injured humanity, and the dread maledictions of a just God, move their Puritan minds into a sad melancholy. Out of it, advancing to the archway of the traitor's gate, there they pause, but to reflect, how oft had royalty and grandeur passed beneath its portals; how often here had "the dreams of honor and glory," and "the brilliancy of courts," been exchanged for the dungeon, the torture-room, and the scaffold. Advancing farther out, they reach the Bloody Tower, where, near it, is the iron railing upon the green, which encloses the block at which Lady Jane Grey last kneeled, yielding up her life.

Thence backward they glance, taking a comprehensive last look at that old vast white fortress, and the twelve great towers, with embattlements, that stand around it; and thence, not far away, to behold that ancient St. Peter's chapel, within which the bodies of fated prisoners numerously in the silent dust moulder.

Leaving the Tower.

Now, with heavy hearts, but with lightsome step, leaving, the Eliot brothers hasten away on their half-bewildered, backward return. And now the pale moon, amid the bright stars of heaven rising, beholds them wandering, first nearing the old College of Heraldry, which records the valor of England's best blood; and then next near the towering walls of St. Paul; and then round through the stately gateway of Temple Bar, which to this day marks the entrance through the once-frowning walls of the first London; and thence away they wander, to the ship "Lyon," which on the morrow is to waft them away, — away from conflicting powers; away from unholy, oppressive dynasties; away from a bewildered populace and a distracted representation; away from an insane kingdom, driven to terrible extremes by unhallowed, cruel conflicts.

On board the ship, after taking the required oaths of "allegiance and supremacie," the brothers, in their bunks, tired, all night long in dreams are thoughtful, both of the past and of the future. Morning, now breaking in upon them, adorns the world with uncommon glories; and the big ship on the way is now beginning to brave the broad billows. The sweet breezes of heaven, promising freedom, prosperity, and progress, are whispering in the rigging like the harp of a David, the thrilling, peaceful acclaim of an evangelist, or like the seraphic song of congregated angels; and away that brave old bark, as if in the care of a God of Love, moves straight onward, westward.

Another night has cast her lights and shades over the vast expanse, bringing back again the beauteous morn, when a voice from the high deck is heard, —

> "Come aloft, my companions, the billows are beauteous,
> To the God of creation devotedly duteous."

Obediently all are aloft. And now the boundless ocean, rolling up her billows to the sky, and the brilliant azure of the God-given sunlight playing upon the wild waters, the ship's canvas, and the clouds, inspires the world.

"Ah!" says the Apostle to his comrades, "this is life, in its progress; life foreshadowed! Still, indeed, there are storms and gales and even tempests on the way. This highway vast is fraught with doubt and dread dangers; yet through faith and trust and trial, we will reach the New World. Nay, as we advance farther onward in life's journeyings, not less of storm and of tempest will beset us on the way, advancing to that beautiful land above, of which our dear old father had in fervent faith advised us."

"Be heedful, my brother," said Philip. "Remember, when in the Tower, our Sir John advised caution, that neither our town of nativity nor the name of the dear father be disclosed."

"Yes," said the Apostle, "that name, always dear at heart, needs never to be expressed.

> 'O, no, I'll never mention him,
> That name shall ne'er be heard;
> My lips are hence forbidden to speak
> That once familiar word.'"

Back now to the cabin the brothers return. The old ship, keeping her course onward, the breath of heaven swelling the sails auspiciously, outrides the storm and tempest, and at length, after many days, beneath brighter skies, lands her freight of valiant hearts at Plymouth on the shores of New England. Philip had come, as if for the defence of liberty, being soon found in the gallant ranks of the "Ancient and Honorable," at its origin, and then next in the honored halls of legislation. Jacob, also, a Puritan gentleman, had come, making himself highly useful in support of a laborious industry, and in the furtherance of the benign rules of law and justice. John was here also, to proclaim the divine law, — Love to God, and love to the red-man in the wilderness.

LESSONS OF LAW AND LIFE.

"*It is wise to recur to our ancestors. Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future, do not perform their duty to the world.*"—DANIEL WEBSTER.

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING in the acquisition of knowledge shall prove more profitable than the study of the lives and characters of great and good men. Such men, like an index, serve to lead the way to an improved civilization, and to a more devoted fidelity to God and to mankind. To study and know them is wisdom; to follow their precepts and examples, bespeaks an abundant success in this life, and the gain of a glorious reward beyond it. The lessons thus to be learned are practical; tending to manliness, to sobriety, to a stern integrity, to a diligent industry, and to a fervent faith.

I therefore invoke the attention of my readers, for a brief period, to such light and learning as may be obtained from the extraordinary life and character of John Eliot, as seen in and through his evangelical mission to the Indian tribes of New England. For two centuries, Eliot, with the faith and fruits of his mission, hath been estimated as the common property of all New England. Like, as from a province of real estate, held jointly, the generations have hitherto been constantly benefited by his exemplary productive life and character.

Still onward, in this light of history, Eliot's force —

his holy aspirations, his labors of love, his vast undertakings, and his valiant perseverance in the midst of opposition, still exist, and shall afford to the intelligent reader pleasure and profit forever.

The obstacles which encumbered his way were hazardous and fearful, — yet valiantly he advanced. History points to no one man of so much force, against such embarrassments; of so much perseverance, against such discouragements; of so much patience, under such provocations; of so much laborious industry, with an apparently slender constitution; of so much endurance, under severe hardships and keen sufferings; and with so much faith and consecration to his God and to his fellow-man, — never failing, never faltering.

Such was the man who made our English Bible speak the Indian language; who raised up missionaries; and who, for forty years, preached the Gospel to the wild man of the wilderness; and who thereby had turned many hearts from a savage life Zion-ward. And when the dread conflict with Philip had come, and civilization in New England, as against barbarism, seemed quivering in the scale, yet, protesting against the use of carnal weapons, Eliot held the balance of power, and thus, in the end, served to tip the scale to the side of civilization — lost the tribes, but saved the white man, who still pursued, leaving the lone Indian mother to her lamentations: —

> "I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
> I will paint me in black, and dishevel my hair;
> I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
> And will tell to the God of the tempest my woes.
> I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
> For my kindred have gone to the mounds of the dead;

But they died not of hunger, nor wasting decay, —
The steel of the white-man hath swept them away."

That balance of power, which the Apostle, in his mission, held, was none other than the power of Christian love.

Life and Death.

John Eliot first lived in the far-off England, in the year 1604. He left this world of care and conflicts, at Roxbury, Mass., May 20, 1690, at the venerable age of eighty-six years.

In personal appearance (if we may judge from his portrait), he was a little above medium height, in form slender, and in features not entirely unlike the honest face of Abraham Lincoln.

After completing his education in England, Eliot embarked for the New World, — landed in Boston in November, 1631, — and there, at the age of twenty-seven, raised the banner of the Cross.

Soon, a train of neighbors and friends followed him. They settled near him, at Roxbury; and the next year they called him there, to be their minister.*

Obeying their call, he took his final stand at Roxbury, as if upon the loftiest part of Zion's walls, and he held his station there all the way onward, through the remainder of his long life.†

Intolerance.

That want of toleration, which had driven the Pilgrims over here, eleven years previously, probably had much influence, inducing Eliot also to sever the social

* Bacon's Hist. of Natick, ch. 2, p. 12; ch. 15, p. 152.
† Memoir of Eliot, pp. 8, 9, 10.

ties, to forsake the friends of his youth, and, far away over the great deep, to cast his lot among the sons of strife.

Thus, over here, as if at the command of God, "Go ye into all the world," the Apostle began his work. He began it — where every man ought to begin to labor, to wit, at the main obstacle to be overcome — where the most good can be done, or where the noblest ends in life may be accomplished.

The Position.

Looking back, we seem to see the evangelist, as in full life, standing on the highest point of that Zion's hill of his, as if, at the outset, to look the landscape over. Afar off before him, in the distance, the lofty mountain-peaks tower up towards heaven; — they stand there, against the sky.

His sharp vision seems to descry the Connecticut, the mighty Merrimac, and the Saco, as they, in ten thousand rills, leap forth from the mountains, forming these rivers, up to that time unmeasured of the white man, and which, ever since the Creation, had been rolling and meandering downward, through a wild old wilderness, to the sea.

Indian Nations.

In the dense forest, and in and about these rivers of water, and along the shores of the sea, are thirty nations of native Indians, numbering, in all, fifty thousand. These nations, organized under laws unwritten, wander in tribes, as all the inhabitants of the world, before civilization dawned, did wander in tribes.

The Pilgrim Fathers are at Plymouth and vicinity,

and the scattered Puritan settlements are beginning to make openings in the landscape.

The field was to be the world; and this New England world, thus spread out before him, was thenceforth to be Eliot's field, — a field, then a wilderness, full of ferocious beasts, and of ungodly, unbridled red-men; and yet a field which, through the Evangelical leadership of John Eliot, is to be cleared up and cultivated; and which, in the far future, under the sunshine of heaven, is to become a flowery field, bearing upon it, everywhere, not carnal weapons, but the sweet fruits of a Christian civilization.

And now, at this distant day, although there are secluded corners in the field, where the generations have gone down, — in which many of us have sometimes been made to weep; yet it is plain to be seen that, through the leadership of Eliot, in God's ministry, those corners, all over New England, have been made to our people as the very gateways to heaven. Plain it is, that this New England field, with all its gates and guide-boards heavenward, although two hundred years have passed away, now remains, and, through all the generations yet to come, shall remain, still to flourish and bear fruit, as having descended, with all its vernal glories, from that same ancient, original Christian proprietor, John Eliot, the Evangelist.

His First Work.

At first the Apostle, in preparation for his final great effort, directed all his sermons to the white man, — seeking to build up strong exemplary churches in the hamlets held by English settlers, at his own Roxbury, and elsewhere.*

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* Dearborn's Sketch of Eliot's Life, p. 13.

His habits were like this: Every second Sabbath of his ministry he preached away from home, to the white settlers of the neighboring towns.* And thus onward, for the first fifteen years of his ministry; while, in these same years, he was educating, as well as he might, his Indian young men and others, who, in due time, were to be his preachers, his printers, his proof-readers, and interpreters; and who, in the wilderness, were to aid him in the vast undertaking of evangelizing the tribes.

During all these years he was at work with his pen, — by pamphlet, by letter, and by many books, — shaping and concentrating public opinion to the great plan of his operations. Also, by prayer and petition, at home and abroad, he from the commencement, and from time to time, continually obtained material aid and encouragement for the carrying out of his design.

His Apparel.

Again, let us glance for a moment at the Evangelist, as he appeared two hundred and thirty years ago, when about to move upon his Indian mission.

We will imagine him still there, on the high hill at Roxbury, — in his common costume, an English dress-coat or sack; small clothes, long boots, and a slouched broad-brimmed hat.

There he stands, as if divinely meditating, as if contemplating the long labors of life, in that vast field of which we have spoken, and which the God of Nature had spread out before him.

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* History of Natick, ch. 1, p. 12.

Location of the Tribes.

From thence, away to the west of him (as he could but discover), there are six nations of Mohawks, made up of many tribes, leading useless, wayward, wandering lives.

Northeast of him, on the Sagadahock, and all along towards the eastern borders of Maine, he calls to his vision those troublesome warlike tribes, the Tarratines, or Abanaquise, who twenty years previously had come up here from the East, wielding weapons of war; and, accelerated by the plague of 1617, had destroyed the entire Patuxet nation, leaving their bones to be bleached upon the hills and in the vales, — seen often, doubtless, of Eliot, as well as of the Pilgrims.

Not far away from him, on the left, are the ashes of that great Indian fort, on the Mystic, where, as appears, through the weapons of war and flames of fire, a hostile Pequot nation had in one night (1637) all perished by the English sabre.

To the southwest of him, as he there stands, are the Narragansetts, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, led of Canonicus, and of that fated, but brave old chief, Miantonimo.

From the same height, away to the left, are the flagrant Mohegans of Connecticut, at the head of which Uncas reigned as chief, — wild in all of his infidelity and barbarism.

Then next, more immediately in front of the Apostle, as he looks northward, in contemplation, are the Nipmuck tribes, roaming and hunting all over that tract of country which lies between the great rivers Connecticut and Merrimac. Hence, all of us who happen to reside

southwest of the Merrimac, if natives, might be denominated Nipmucks.

Northward, at Concord, and along the banks of the Merrimac, wandered the peaceful Pennacook and the Wamesit tribes, then led by that venerable sachem and necromancer, Passaconaway, whose people, at a later period, were ruled for several years by his son, Wonalancet.

Though a peace-maker, once, in a time of hostilities, this chief, with becoming prudence, established an Indian fortification at Fort Hill, on the east of the Concord River, at Wamesit.*

Eliot's Fidelity.

The soul-trying incidents of the forty years of the Apostle's life, then yet to come, beginning to be disclosed, are now breaking in upon his vision. There are lions, terribly ferocious, prone, lurking along his pathway, in prospect, all the way onward, with all their devouring threatenings.

Yet he must advance, must move onward, to the responsible, the noble, and soul-trying duties of an evangelist, in the midst of unlettered savages.

Whatever there may be of trouble on the way or in the field of operations, he is constantly, duteously to be

* We suggest, that on Fort Hill there ought to be erected two statues,—one to John Eliot, the Apostle; and another to the peaceful Wanalancet, holding the fort. Such statues in our *Wamesit*, proclaiming peace on the one hand, and a Christian civilization on the other, while they would evince the magnanimity of our people, would tend, for a thousand years, to inspire the generations to a becoming peacefulness, to a diligent industry, to a truthful fidelity to mankind, and to a stronger faith in Him whom the Apostle so devoutly loved and served.

there. What though the very elements are to conspire to hedge up the way; what though the wintry blasts of snow and hail and tempest, as they were wont to come, sweeping away "the honors" of a thousand years, from that vast old wilderness, — John Eliot is to be there, and there, too, in a fervent faith, — faith that the same God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, would also be there; and *he was there.*

Nay, even though the thunders of war, in their threatenings, begin to break forth from a New England sky, such in their terrors as were never known on earth before (save in the bloody tragedies of a Homer), even then John Eliot must be there, holding out a healing hand divine, and bearing aloft the beautiful Christian banner of peace and love.

And though destruction is impending, and a threatened distraction may be about to fall upon his native churches, driving and carrying his Indian Christian people into exile and imprisonment; yet the Apostle, like the good shepherd, is to follow the flock, is to stand between the fires, is to administer comfort, and is to bind up the broken heart.*

Nay, aside from the carnal conflicts of war, when its tearful terrors have waned away, there are to the evangelist terrible trials still. And what of all this?

What though strong men refuse "to bow themselves," heeding not the way? What though the bowl, and the wheel, and "the pitcher, be broken"? What though, in the events of this New World, the sun and moon and the stars are to be darkened? What even, if all "the

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* Dearborn's Sketch of Eliot's Life, p. 15.

keepers of the house" are trembling? List! list! High above all, the tribes are to hear the clarion voice of the evangelist, fearlessly proclaiming the word, — faithfully seeking to save that which seemed to be lost.

For Eliot knew, as we know, that "man goeth to his long home"; that his "dust must return to the earth as it was"; and that his never-dying spirit must go back to the God who gave it.

Troubles in England.

Eliot had left the Old World, as we have seen, in 1631, when the unfortunate Charles the First was king, and at the time when the religious creeds of the realm were distracted, all in dread conflict; when the King was at war against Parliament, and Parliament was angry against the King; when our English government was powerless to advance, its wheels being clogged up, the kingdom throughout broken down, and falling apart into factions. It was then the religious and political rights of the realm were being trampled down under the feet of tyrants,* and the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland in conflict were making sad havoc on bloody fields of battle.

Eliot left England, and in leaving forsook, as we have seen, the comrades of his youth, among whom there was a strong young man, whose valiant heart, like his own, was full of republicanism. That man, disgusted with the English government in its distracted condition, had with other refugees, packed up his trunks to embark for our New England shores, but was prevented. It was

* Hume's History of England, vol. 5, pp. 85–434. Rush., vol. 2, pp. 409–418.

Oliver Cromwell.

But the God of governments, as if for wise ends, turned the intent of Cromwell, to still remain in England;* while John Eliot was led, for another wise purpose, to seek his field of apostolic labors in the wilderness of a new world.

At that time, as we have seen, the English government was fast falling to pieces through its internal religious and political infirmities, which resulted in the downfall of King Charles the First, who, at length, was beheaded at the decree of about seventy judges.

Thus, while Cromwell became the great Protector in the Old World, John Eliot came over here, and became renowned as the great primeval leader to a Christian civilization among the settlers and Indian nations of the New.

Material Aid.

He was encouraged to advance upon his mission through influences brought to bear upon the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and upon a missionary society in his native England, as well as upon our own Colonial government at home.

Cromwell, as appears, encouraged Eliot, and Eliot, in his way, tried to obey and sustain the English government, under him, as the great Protector of both countries.

The Book.

During the existence of Cromwell's government, seven

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* "Urged by his wants and his piety, he had made a party with Hambden, his near kinsman, who was pressed only by the latter motive, to transport himself into New England, now become the retreat of the more zealous among the Puritanical party; and it was on an order of Council which obliged them to disembark and remain in England."—Hume, vol. 5, ch. 61, p. 437.

years, — up to the end of his (the Protector's) life, Sept. 3, 1658, — Eliot had written a work entitled "The Christian Commonwealth," in which he planned, and bestowed praise upon, and chalked out a republican form of government. But, alas! Before the book issued extensively from the press, Cromwell dying, the government, in a year or two, changed back to a kingdom; and then Charles the Second (a son of the beheaded Charles), being crowned king, and becoming apparently dangerous, as against the active adherents to Cromwell's administration, is filled full of exasperation against all ideas of republicanism.

This event exposed the Apostle's head to great danger, by reason of his having written that "Christian Commonwealth," which indirectly assailed the Crown. The Colonial government became anxious, and advised the suppression of the book; and for the sake of his great cause and of his life, Eliot suppressed the manuscript, and the book never issued.*

These were times of trial in both countries. The tide in tyrannical events rolled high.† All of the Cromwell adherents were narrowly watched.

The regicide judges, who had sat in the trial of the late king, — some of them, caught in England, were beheaded there; some of them escaped to foreign countries. Three of them at least, coming to Boston in 1660, were followed, and were pursued here, in Connecticut, in and about Hadley, Mass., and other places, by the king's constables. Fortunately, by flight and concealment, from place to place, in the caves of the wilderness, they escaped violent death.

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* Eliot's Life, by Francis, p. 210. † 5 Hume, p. 434.

Thus, more than two hundred years ago, did John Eliot foreshadow our republican form of government in his "Christian Commonwealth," thus suppressed; yet his cautious plans and suggestions became popular, and lived to be adopted and sustained, by a noble nation, an hundred years after his death.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

Eliot and the King.

Still he takes courage. Invoking the angry king, Eliot makes him his friend, and also a contributor, in the carrying forward his mission to the Indian nations. With long and eloquent letters, he presented to the king translations of our English Old and New Testaments into the Indian language, and thereby obtained favor and patronage from the throne itself.*

Republican Government.

The Hebrew commonwealth, organized and officered by Moses of old, undoubtedly had some influence upon the Apostle's action, in the forming of a commonwealth. In this respect, he could but see Moses had his seventy-two elders, which would answer to our U. S. Senate; his twelve tribes of Israel may be likened to the original thirteen United States; and his congregation of the people, as appears, may be taken to accord with our House of Representatives.

Moses himself, occupying the place of president, presided over the whole. Such a government is supposed

* Life of Eliot, pp. 258, 259.

to be the best, if not the strongest, of all. In this, Moses and Cromwell and Eliot and Washington all seem to agree.

Eliot's Order.

In all his operations, the Apostle was exact, and full of discipline. A civil officer, Major-General Gookin, a wise, conciliatory man, usually attended him. Gookin had been clothed, by the Colonial government, with a power of organization over the people, — a power, to a certain extent, both judicial and executive. So, it appears, Gookin appointed civil officers; sat as judge, holding courts; and issued commissions to the Indian rulers of hundreds or of fifties or of tens, as the tribes, under the Apostle, saw fit to elect them, and as the good of the Indian church, from time to time, seemed to require.*

Thus Eliot and Gookin, moving together, constituted an efficient, peaceful, executive power; and, at the same time, prudently led the way to a progressive Christian civilization.

Law.

Believing order to be the first law of heaven, it was one of the axioms under which Eliot, in his economy, always moved. From his life and example we gather these rules:

1. There must always be a ruler, or leader, to every organization.

2. That a ruler, or leader, is never to be ignored, but

* Bigelow's His. of Natick, p. 22. Sketch of Life of Eliot, p. 17.

is always to be respected and followed, for the office' sake, if for nothing else.

3. That the first great maxim in a kingdom, to wit: that "the King can do no wrong" (though that may not be true in fact), is sound in principle, and unless revolution is intended, must be observed and followed throughout, from the king down to the humblest parent of a family.

Rulers.

A leader, once known, whether appointed of man or of God (as in case of a parent), *must* be recognized, and must always be followed. Everything else would be disorder; everything else is grief; everything else is revolution, distraction.

To illustrate this: take the leader of the family, and then the leader of a church organization, and then the leader of a town, or state, or of the United States, as may be seen in a President. Now every one of these, for the peace, safety, and well-being of the respective bodies which they severally represent, must be recognized as such, and followed.

For instance, our President,* although many may disapprove some of his acts and measures, yet, in a general sense, he must be upheld and sustained. What if he was not well chosen? He was so declared to be by the united force and voice of this great nation. Hence he must needs be sustained, otherwise anarchy, confusion, and general distraction would follow.

What if he did (as some have alleged) bargain away the rights of others,—tending to cripple the political liberties of the freed-man? What if he did extend a

*1879.

conciliatory compromise to a Ku-Klux Clan, then armed offensively with thousands of rifles, threatening violence and blood? Even if all this be true, by the laws of God and the rules of government, it is but wise and just in the people to sustain him to the end of his term. Otherwise anarchy, distraction, and confusion would follow, and thousands of hearts would be made to bleed all over the land.

Hence, duteously, as Eliot would say, we must always follow the leader, — in the country at large, in the state, and in the family.* Thus, under the Apostle for the Indian church, as elsewhere, you would always find a leading ruler, with a teacher, and oftentimes an interpreter, having a watchful care over *ten* Christians, or over *thirty*, or over *fifty*, as the peace and prosperity of a Christian civilization might require. And to the praise of the red-men of the forest, Eliot's rules and ordinances were generally observed, respected, and obeyed as such by them.*

Although the Apostle, under the ordinations of God, with the discreet Gookin at his side as a magistrate, thus ruled, yet he never seemed to rule.

Teachers.

O that the spirit of John Eliot, in the sight of all these subjects, like the light of heaven at early morn, might break in upon us, to inspire our teachers to prepare themselves, that they may train the rising generations to the true science and economy of life; that we may all be trained to a becoming servitude, — to a code of genuine

* Cotton Mather's Magnalia, 3d B., Art. 2, p. 494.

good manners; without which there can be no substantial success in the world; that they may train their pupils, male and female, to love labor, industrious, ardent, economical labor, without which there can be no sound health, nor solid, enduring comfort; that we may be trained to fervent, lofty aspirations; that henceforth the wanderer may be reclaimed, and led upward in life to a more congenial condition, and thence onward to a glorious immortality.

Yes, let us be trained, if leaders, to lead justly, kindly, and judiciously. If mere servants we remain (and we are all more or less servants in this world), let us serve heartily and faithfully over everything, — throwing bread upon the waters, helping the needy neighbor first, and then ourselves, as Eliot would do.

Bear in mind, that man, in his best economy, lives, by helping others to live; and remember, there are roads enough to honor, and highways enough heavenward, "for all to go up, without crowding one another."

Civil Powers.

All the way along in the Apostle's progress, there were many elements of power which had to be respected.

First of all, there was the parent English government at London, then distracted, as we have seen, by terrible conflicts. Then, there was the colonial government at Boston; and then, the loose, the rude, and undefined governments of the Indian nations. The rights and rules, habits and customs, of all these, at all times, were to be heeded and respected. For there is no nobler reward in this life, than the consciousness of having "rendered to all their dues."

CHAPTER II.

Disciples.

Eliot had many pupils, first and last, — some in preparation for the ministry, some for teachers, interpreters, etc. Many of them were schooled at the Indian college at Cambridge, among whom there were Sassamon* and Ephraim, James the Printer, Daniel, Waban,† Piambo, Speen, Oonamo, Tukaperwillin, Ohatawan, Capt. Tom, Old Jethro, Numphow, John Thomas, Solomon, Samuel Peter, Nesutan,‡ and many others. Among his white assistants, as clergymen, teachers, rulers, etc., there were Rawson, Gookin, Thracton, Dettins, Bandit, Noyes, Cotton, Mahew, Bourne, and some others.

Eliot takes Courage.

From his lofty position, thus far he had been advancing, anticipating the obstacles which at times would roll in to hedge up his way, and which already were often encumbering him with many difficulties.

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* Sassamon was murdered by Philip's Indians. — Memoirs of Eliot, ch. 14, p. 86.

† Waban served as Justice of the Peace at Natick, and held courts as such. One of his warrants reads thus: "You, You, big constable, quick you catch Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe youbring um beffore me.

"Waban, *Justice of the Peace.*"

‡ Slain in battle fighting for the English at Mt. Hope. — Drake's American Indians, B. II, p. 51.

But now, in sight of the prospect, he is said to have broken out in the pathos of his warm and glowing heart: "I see [in the distance] the day-breaking, or the sun-rising, of the Gospel of Christ in New England."

Indian Sermon.

Among the many places where the tribes were wont to congregate, when they came up from their fishing and hunting excursions, was a place near Natick in Newton, called *Nonantum*. This, in Indian language, means a place of rejoicing. An intellectual Indian chief occupied it, by the name of *Waban*.* And Waban's tent was there.

Previously a proclamation had been sent forth, that Eliot, on a given day, would preach to the native nations at Nonantum. Accordingly, on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1646, Eliot stood forth there, for the first time, an *Evangelist*, in the midst of the assembled sachems, powows, sanaps, necromancers, the red-man in his plumes, and squaws, women, and little children, painted and adorned, as in primeval life, with rustic beads and rings, and other appendages, fashionable and ornamental. Eliot stands forth, above them, proclaiming his text (Ezekiel xxxvii, 9): "Prophesy! unto the wind, prophesy, son of man! and say to the wind, — Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath; and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

All are silent. Above, as he stands over the multitude, there is an open sky. The bleak winds of heaven are moving the brave old tree-tops into silent, secret

* Life of Eliot, pp. 27, 28, 79, 80. Sketch of Life of Eliot, p. 13.

whisperings. The voice of infidelity, the war-whoop, the Indian wood-cry, and the howlings of the wild beast, are hushed for the time being. The Apostle's prayer went up to the God of the Red-man! They sung a song of Zion, — a sermon from that text, and from that trumpet-toned, apostolic voice, reverberating, fell upon the hearts of the then heathen inhabitants of this New England world, for the first time.

Next? There 's something strange in the sun, — something strange in the earth and in the skies.

What ails that sanap out there? What ails the soothsayers, and the necromancers, that the pipes they were smoking have unconsciously fallen from their lips? Out yonder, what ails that young squaw upon the leaf-covered ground, with little children about her, that tears, forbidden, are falling from her eye-lids? And afar off, what ails the brave old Waban, at the door of his tent, weeping?

What is it but that a live coal from the altar of God hath touched Waban's heart?

Ah! how true! how propitious! Waban is beginning to sing that new song, which no man of his race ever had sung in New England, from the beginning of the world.

Thence, that point, that place in the wilderness, emphatically had become a place of rejoicing, ever afterwards to be held sacred. Indeed, it had become to the tribes a temple of worship, a gateway to heaven.

Natick.

Near to Nonantum, Eliot obtained a gift (or exchange) of lands, on which to build up and organize an Indian

town, which they called *Natick*, and which, in their language, means "a place of the hills."

This Indian town was peopled, organized, and officered by Indians, — all the affairs of which were conducted in a perfectly orderly manner, by its Christian Indian inhabitants, for nearly a century, all through the remainder of the Apostle's life, and for nearly fifty years afterwards.

At Natick, Eliot, often attended by his Indian ministry, continued to meet the assembled tribes of red-men, up to the end of his days, as well as in other Indian towns, then fast becoming civilized, within his spacious fields of labor.

Praying Indians.

These numbered (up to the commencement of King Philip's war, 1674) 1,150; first and last, in all, as some say, 3,600.

Infidelity.

Many of the English settlers, from the beginning of Eliot's undertaking, professed to have no faith in the effort to civilize an Indian.

This, at the outset, tended to embarrass and afflict the Evangelist. The desperado, thus aided by the weak and jealous white man, who ought to have known better, obtained encouragement.

And thus, oftentimes, his progress was retarded by a secret foe within the camp. Yet the labors and achievements of John Eliot were more than equal to those of ten ordinary active men put together, and his great mission moved onward.

He soared so far above the mediocrity of his fellow-laborers in the vineyard, that the musketry of "the sappers and miners," who are always combining and advancing, in pursuit of great and good men, to traduce them, never could reach him.

Sunshine and the Cloud.

Many years of his mission had now passed away. Through storm and sunshine, he had already labored among the tribes (from 1646 up to 1674) twenty-eight years. In the mean time, our English Bible had been made, by the Apostle, to speak the *Indian* language. And our then New England wilderness, in its openings, had been dotted with little Christian churches.

But, alas! there is a war-cloud in the heavens. King Philip is angry, meditating war and blood. John Sassamon, an Indian pupil and preacher, who had been schooled in the Indian college at Cambridge, hath been murdered by Philip's men.

Sassamon, heedlessly, while serving with Philip as an interpreter, etc., had divulged to the English Philip's secret purpose of making war against them.*

King Philip, obtaining knowledge of this supposed treachery of Sassamon, instigated three of his Indians to murder him; and this gave rise to the trial of these murderers in an English court. All this tended to hasten a dread conflict. The war-trump is sounding. It comes like the rushing of a terrible tempest, threatening devastation and death all over this western New England world. The tomahawk and scalping-knife, on

* Hubbard's Indian Wars, pp. 78, 79, 80. Bacon's History of Natick, pp. 29, 30.

the one hand, and the English bayonet and the deadly sabre on the other, are beginning to be sharpened.

Alas! as against the vengeance of conflicting races, as against ten thousand carnal weapons, upraised, threatening extermination, indeed, what is to become of the faithful old Eliot and his Christian churches?

Ah! when the beautiful oriole, down from a leafless, wintry sky, animated by the sun-beams of spring, hath hung her nest to a branch of the tree-top on high, she takes joyful pleasure in that little church-like charge of hers, which she holds at the hand of nature's God — her joys are the joys of Heaven.

But there is a cloud in the sky; and there are fearful mutterings beyond the mountains; and the tempestuous gale howls; and, coming down, sweeps away the tree-top, madly dashing that dearest little family of hers to the deadly earth!

Now, in the agonies of despair, she flies from place to place, afflicted; and she mourns — mourned, as we now have it, the dear old Eliot, in prospect, thus doomed, must mourn.

But when the clouds had cleared away, and when time, that great healer of hearts that bleed, had brought another lovely day, that little mother dried her tears (if tears they have), and she turned again to her duteous labors, bringing sticks, and strings, and other material things, and builds aloft another habitation; and soon rears, and faithfully takes charge of, another little God-praising, parent-loving family.

In this similitude, I briefly foreshadow that part of John Eliot's life, which, among other things, coming as lessons from his exemplary wife, will be elaborated in my next chapters.

Still there is a cry without — King Philip is on the war-path! Murder! murder! Sassamon is murdered of Philip's Indians! The terrible trump of war, afar, is blowing its blast, with dread alarms, reverberating all over the settlements!

Meanwhile, the three Indian murderers — Mattashunanamo, Wam-pappaquam, and Tobias — arrested by English officers, are brought into court at Plymouth, to be tried by English judges.* The judges are there, and the jury is there, with five red men added to it, as advisers, or as a mere show of fairness; and the Indian prisoner, above named, are there, standing, trembling, doomed, upon an indictment, to be tried for their lives. An allegation in the indictment reads as follows: —

"*For that being accused, that they did with joynt consent vpon the 29 of January anno 1674 att a place called Assowamset pond wilfully and of sett purpose and of malice fore thought and by force and armes murder John Sassamon another indian, by laying violent hands on him and striking him, or twisting his necke, vntil hee was dead; and to hyde and conceale this theire said murder att the tyme and place aforesaid did cast his dead body through a hole of the ice into the said pond.*"

It is now that the much-suspected, much-feared King Philip enters that court; and, denying the right of the English to try his own Indian subjects, for the killing of an Indian, promulgates his own notions of law and right, in language purporting, in substance, to be a plea to their jurisdiction; if we may speak in poetic form, substantially thus: —

* Hubbard, Hist. of Indian Wars, pp. 80–82. Hist. of Natick, pp. 29, 30.

What right, what law, these prisoners to arraign,
Have Englishmen, in this, my own domain?
What lease of venue, from allotted lines,
To make invasions, and to adjudge of crimes!
Why seek the Indian's life, in guile forlorn,
Of these three men, of native mothers born?
Who one and all, with Sassamon, the slain,
Were my liege subjects, bound by laws the same,
Which governed tribes a thousand years ago,
But which, evaded, brings an endless woe.
What mind, what project, points your boundless sway,
But hence to drive the red-man, far away
From this fair land, his birthright and his wealth,
And hold these regions vast, through royal stealth!
With flagrant wrong, the tribes will ne'er concur,
And to your bold intrusion, I demur!
My subjects here, an English court may try, —
By spurious judgments, they may fall and die;
Yet *vengeance*, dread, shall point the red-man's steel,
And to the God of battles I 'll appeal!
Philip withdrew, and ne'er returned again;
His truthful talk was uttered but in vain;
The prisoners held, and thus condemned to die,
Brought darkness, gathering o'er this western sky;
The bloody sunset, and the forkèd light,
That broke the curtain of that fearful night,
Awaking English matrons, 'mid alarms,
To hug sweet infants with tenacious arms,
Foretold gross carnage of successive years,
And devastations in a land of tears.
True to his word which danger thus defied,
Philip the pilgrims fought, and fighting died;
With countless victims by the self-same blade
Which mutual madness had in folly made.*

* From my Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads, p. 344.

CHAPTER III.

In the foregoing chapters we have spoken of the lessons which ought to be learned from John Eliot's life and character; have alluded to his birth in England, to his education there, and to his arrival at Boston in the month of November, 1631; and in the narration have told of his former friends landing here in the following year, and settling at Roxbury; how he then and there became their pastor, and remained their minister to the end of his long life; how, for the first fifteen years, he preached solely to the white-man; how, during that time, he was educating Indian boys to the English language, and white men's boys to the Indian language; and how, in the same period, he had prepared many young men for the ministry, that they might, in the Indian dialect, preach to the tribes of the wilderness; and how, at the same time, he had begun to make our English Bible speak the Indian language. And when he had prepared his young ministry to follow him in succession to the apostolic work, he then, Oct. 20, 1646, amid the Indian wigwams in the wilderness, preached his first sermon to the assembled tribes at Nonantum. How Natick was obtained of the government, for the organization of an Indian town; how it was officered by Indians, who administered the government of it, as Christian citizens, for nearly a century. How our apostle,

from the first, advanced as a leader, a law-giver, and as an evangelist; how he wrote up his "Christian Commonwealth," favoring a republican government under the great Protector, Oliver Cromwell; how Cromwell, then dying (1658), and before the book effectually issued from the press, Eliot, at the frown of the king, and at the command of our colonial government, suppressed it, and thus saving his mission, and perhaps his own head, he appeased the wrath of Charles the Second, who had then been crowned king of the reinstated kingdom under which our fathers lived. His two letters to the king, the one written in 1661, and the other in 1663, are given below.

To the High and Mighty Prince Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., the Commissioners of United Colonies in New England with increase of all happiness, &c.

MOST DREAD SOVEREIGN: —

If our weak apprehensions have not misled us, this work will be no unacceptable present to your Majesty as having a greater interest therein, than we believe is generally understood, which (upon this occasion) we deem it our duty to declare.

The people of these four Colonies (confederated for mutual defence in the time of the late distractions of our dear native country) your Majesty's natural born subjects, by the favor and grant of your father and grandfather, of famous memory, put themselves upon this great and hazardous undertaking, of planting themselves at their own charge in these remote ends of the earth, that, without offence and provocation to our Brethren, and Countrymen, we might enjoy that liberty to worship God, which our consciences informed us was not only our right, but duty; as also that we might (if it so pleased God) be instrumental to spread the light of the Gospel, the knowledge of the Son of

God, our Saviour, to the poor barbarous heathen, which by his late Majesty, in some of our Patents, is declared to be his principal aim.

These honest and pious intentions have, through the grace and goodness of God, and our kings, been seconded with proportionable success;

That other part of our errand hither hath been attended with endeavors and blessing, many of the wild Indians being taught, and understanding the doctrine of the Christian religion, and with much affection attending such preachers as are sent to teach them, many of their children are instructed to write and read, and some of them have proceeded further, to attain the knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, and are brought up with our English youths in University learning. There are divers of them that can, and do read some parts of the Scripture, and some catechisms which formerly have been translated into their own language, which hath occasioned the undertaking of a greater work, viz., the printing of the whole Bible, which (being translated by a painful labor amongst them, who was desirous to see the work accomplished in his day) hath already proceeded to finishing the New Testament, which we here humbly present to your Majesty, as the first fruits and accomplishments of the pious design of your royal ancestors.

"Sir: — The shines of your royal favor upon these undertakings, will make these undertakings to flourish, notwithstanding any malevolent aspect from those that bear evil will to this Lion, and render Your Majesty more illustrious and glorious to after generations.

The God of heaven long preserve and bless Your Majesty with many happy days, to his glory, — the good and comfort of his Church and people. — Amen."

Letter II.

Most Dread Sovereign: —

As our former presentation of the New Testament was graciously accepted by your Majesty, so with all humble thankfulness for that royal favor, and with the like hope, we are bold now to

present the *whole Bible*, translated into the language of the natives of this country, by a painful laborer in that work, and now printed and finished, by means of the pious beneficence of Your Majesty's subjects in England; which also by your special favor hath been continued and confirmed, to the intended use and advancement of so great and good a work as is the Propagation of the Gospel to these poor barbarians in this (erewhile) unknown world.

Translations of the Holy Scriptures, — the Word of the King of kings, — have ever been deemed not unworthy of the most princely dedications; examples whereof are extant in divers languages. But your Majesty is the first which hath received one in this language, or from the American world, or from any parts so remote from Europe as these are, for aught that ever we heard of.

Publication also of these sacred writings to the sons of men (who here, and here only, have the ministers of their eternal salvation revealed to them by the God of heaven) is a work that the greatest princes have honored themselves by.

But, to publish and communicate the same to a lost people, as remote from knowledge and civility, much more from Christianity, as they were from all showing, civil and Christian nations, — a people without law, without letters, without riches, or means to procure any such thing, — a people that sat as deep in darkness and in the shadow of death as (we think) any since the creation. This puts a lustre upon it that is superlative, and to have given royal patronage and countenance to such a publication, or to the means thereof, will stand among the marks of lasting honor in the eyes of all that are considerate, even unto after generations.

And, though there be in this Western world many Colonies of other European nations, yet we humbly conceive, no prince has had a return of such a work as this; which may be some token of the success of your Majesty's plantation of *New England*, undertaken and settled under the encouragement and security of your royal father and grandfather, of famous memory, and cherished with like gracious aspects from your Majesty.

Though indeed the present Poverty of these plantations could not have accomplished this work had not the forementioned Bounty of England lent Relief; nor could that have continued to stand us in stead, without the Influence of Your Royal Favor and Authority, whereby the Corporation there for Propagating the Gospel among these Natives hath been established and encouraged, (whose Labor of Love, Care and Faithfulness in that Trust, must ever be remembered with Honor;) yea, when private persons, for their private Ends, have of late sought Advantages to deprive the said Corporation of Half the Possessions that had been by Liberal Contributions, obtained for so Religious Ends. We understand that, by an Honorable and Righteous Decision in your Majesty's Court of Chancery, their Hopes have been defeated, and the Thing settled where it was and is; for which great favor and illustrious fruit of Your Majesty's Government we cannot but return our most humble thanks in this Public manner; and as the result of the joint Endeavors of Your Majesty's subjects, there and here, acting under your Royal Influence, We present You with this work, which upon sundry accounts is to be called *yours*.

Religion is the End and Glory of mankind, and as it was the professed End of this Plantation, so we design ever to keep it in our eye as our main design, (both to ourselves and the natives about us,) and that our products may be answerable thereunto. Give us therefore leave, (Dread Sovereign) yet again humbly to beg the continuance of your Royal Favor, and of the Influences thereof, upon this poor plantation, The United Colonies of New England, for the securing and establishment of our Civil Privileges and Religious Liberties hitherto enjoyed; and upon this Good Work of Propagating Religion to these Natives, that the Supports and Encouragements thereof from *England* may be still countenanced and confirmed.

May this Nursling still suck the Breast of Kings, and be fostered by your Majesty, as it hath been by your Royal Predecessors, unto the preservation of its Main Concernments. It shall thrive and prosper to the Glory of God and the Honor of your Majesty. Neither will it be any loss or grief unto our Lord the

King, to have the blessing of the Poor to come upon Him, and that from these Ends of the Earth.

The God by whom Kings Reign and Princes Decree Justice, Bless Your Majesty and establish your Throne in Righteousness, in Mercy and in Truth, to the Glory of His Name, the Good of His People, and to your own Comfort and Rejoicing, not in this only but in another World."

Progress.

I have already spoken of the New England landscape as seen in 1631; of the location of the various Indian nations, then roaming upon it, wild hunters of the wilderness. We come now to speak more particularly of Eliot's perseverance and progress in the fourteen Indian towns, of his care, and of his 3,600 praying Indians, up to 1674, when the tearful terrors of Philip's war began to becloud New England, bringing dread dismay to the souls of men, women, and children. How previously, in 1648, the four colonies heedlessly, and perhaps unintentionally, retarded Eliot's mission of love, by permitting the use of carnal weapons, with all their appalling consequences, as against Christianity; and by giving their unjust assent to the same, as may be seen in the murder of that life-long Englishman's friend, the brave old Miantonimo.* Thus many instances of cruelty and of crime came like clouds, floating in, polluting the atmosphere, all tending to hedge up Eliot's highway to civilization and Christianity.

Yet in spite of these terrible happenings; in spite of all the carnal outrages on the one side and on the other, — of war, of conflagration, of skirmishes, and murders

* My Duston, and New England Wars, pp. 160–169.

in the midst of his people, Eliot's mission of love had prospered all the way through. Up to 1674, he had made constant, fruitful progress.

His Care for Schools.

From the first, Eliot had evinced uncommon interest towards the rising generations. Cotton Mather bears testimony to his strong force in that direction.

At one of the synods held in Boston, Mather says: "I heard Eliot pray: 'Lord! for schools everywhere among us;* that our schools may flourish; that every member of this assembly may go home, to procure a good school to be encouraged, in the town where he lives; that before we die, we may all be happy to see a good school established in every part of the country.'"

Indian Schools.

So it was, by his resistless force of character, as time advanced, an Indian college at Cambridge, being erected, was supplied with students for the ministry; and thus his disciples, both red and white, were schooled to be his successors in the vast undertaking of evangelizing the red-men of New England. Up to 1674, Eliot's mission had advanced, and his progress had been favored, apparently, by the great Head of the Church.

Rulers and Ministers.

Many assistants, as well as successors, were needful to his mission. Proceeding to the translation of the Bible into

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* Memoirs of Eliot, p. 74. Adams' Life of Eliot, p. 51.

the Indian tongue, scholars, well tutored in the languages, both Indian and English, had become a necessity. Hence, many had been raised up as volunteers, to enter his field of progress, as teachers, as rulers, as printers, as translators, and as ministers, to supply the various towns where the Apostle had established churches, or Indian preaching stations.

In all this, as we have seen, Eliot had been encouraged by the aid of "a Society" in the old world, organized there, "for the propagation of the Gospel in New England"; and by Cromwell, by the Colonial government here, and otherwise. For in his pastorate at Roxbury, where he preached but once in two weeks generally, the remainder of his time being devoted to his books, and to the various tribes, as they gave him gospel gatherings, in the wilderness or near the sea-shore, he was sustained by a constant salary to the end of his life.

Conference of Sagamores.

On the 10th of June, 1651, having called together, from all quarters, the many sachems and sagamores, and their attendants, of New England, he held a discourse with them, on the subject of religious worship, and of carrying his great undertaking into effect.

On that occasion, they were induced to subscribe to a general approval of his purpose, and among other things, they made choice of rulers, as follows: one ruler for an hundred men; two rulers of fifty each; ten rulers of ten men each.*

* Drake's American Indians, B. II, p. 113. Mather's Magnalia, B. III, p. 512. Memoirs of Eliot, p. 67. Life of Eliot, pp. 117, 118.

Before the adjournment, they signed Eliot's covenants, and endorsed their consent generally to the days of fasting and prayer, which, on that occasion, had been appointed.

The Covenant

which the Indians had signed, though somewhat long, was to the point. It began, and ended, thus: —

"We are the sons of Adam. We and our Fathers have a long time been lost in our sins; but now the mercy of the Lord begins to find us out again. . . . Oh! Jehovah, teach us wisdom in thy Scriptures! Let the grace of Christ help us, because Christ is the wisdom of God. Send thy spirit into our hearts, and let it teach us! Take us to be thy people — and let us take Thee to be our God!"*

Church at Natick.

In the year 1661, Eliot's first Indian church was organized, it being a day of baptisms. At this date he had completed his translation of the New Testament. In 1663 he had also completed the printing of the Old Testament in the Indian language. At this, it is said, the commissioners of the four colonies were greatly pleased.

He then proceeded to the translation of the Psalter; and then to the "Practice of Piety," which, being printed in the Indian language, became popular among the tribes, who took several editions of it in the years 1665 and 1667, and up to 1687.

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* Memoirs of Eliot, ch. 13, pp. 83, 84.

In 1666, Mr. Eliot had established a lecture station at Natick, his first Indian town; and about the same time, making proclamation, he called together a multitude of Indians at Marshpee. There he took from them confessions of their Christian knowledge, faith, and practice. Afterwards (Aug. 17, 1670), Mr. Bourne was ordained over the native church at Natick.

Peace.

In the year 1671,* the settlers in Plymouth colony were threatening to make war against a neighboring tribe, the Missokonog Indians. Eliot hearing of this, and trembling for the safety of his Indian churches, at once dispatched a committee to proceed to that place of danger, as mediators, with instructions (from Eliot) as follows: —

We, the poor church at Natick, hearing that the honored Rulers, and good People of Plymouth, are pressing, and arming soldiers to go to war against the Mis-so-konog Indians, for what cause we know not. Though they pray not to God, we hope they will! And we do mourn, and pray for them, and desire greatly that they may not be destroyed. Especially because we have not heard that they have done anything worthy of death.

Therefore we do send these two brethren, Anthony and William, who were formerly our messengers to those parts; — and we request John Sassamon† to join them —

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* Bacon's History of Natick, pp. 24–86.

† Sassamon was afterwards slain. — Drake, B. III, p. 9.

And this trust we commit unto you, our dear brethren and beloved —

First, to go to the misso-konog Indians, or who else may be concerned, in the quarrel; — tell them the poor churches in Natick, send them two Scriptures.

When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it.

And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee.'

* Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints?

"'Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?

"'Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to this life?

"'If then ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the church.

"'I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren?

"'But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers.' †

"If they of Missokonog accept this our exhortation, tell them, that the Church, also, have sent you to the Governor; — tell him that the Church hath sent you to be mediators of peace; — on behalf of the Missokonog Indians, or any other of their neighbors — . . .

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* Deut. xx, 10, 11. † 1 Cor. vi, 1-6.

"Nay, — beseech them all, to consider, what comfort it will be, to *kill*, or to *be* killed, — when no capital sin hath been committed, or defended by them — "

"And we request you, our beloved brethren, to be speedy, in your motions. We shall endeavor to follow you in our prayers; — and shall long to hear of a happy *peace*, — that may open a clear door for the passage of the gospel among the people.

"Thus, commending you to God, in prayer, — we do send you forth, upon this great service of peace-making, which is evidently the flower and glory of Christ's kingdom."

(Signed) JOHN ELIOT,
with the consent of the Church.

NATICK, *Aug.* 1, 1671.

INDIAN STATIONS.

About this time, the Apostle had towns of Christian Indians as follows: —

Natick, his first town, had in it some 29 families, and 145 inhabitants, occupying 6,000 acres of land. Here, as perhaps in other localities, the Indian people on the Lord's days, and on other lecture days, were called together at the sound of a drum.

Pekemit (Stoughton), then reckoned to be 14 miles south of Boston, contained 12 families, and 60 Indians, occupying 6,000 acres of land.

Has-sa-namesit (Grafton) had a church organized in 1671. About 30 of the natives had been baptized. It is said, in general, they all sustained the Sabbath, and church-worship, in a becoming manner.

Okom-ma-kemesit (Marlboro'), then 30 miles west of

Boston, had 10 native families, cultivated 6,000 acres of soil, with orchards planted by Indians. Solomon was their teacher.

Nashobah (Littleton), then 25 miles west-northwest from Boston, contained 10 Indian families and 50 souls, holding lands 4 miles square. John Thomas was their teacher.

Wagum-qua-cog, situated between Natick and Grafton, had 11 native families and 55 inhabitants, who, as appears, "worshipped God, kept the Sabbath, and adhered to the duties of civil order." Job was their teacher.

Pentucket (or Tewksbury), situated at the confluence of the Merrimac and Concord Rivers, contained 2,500 acres, had 15 Indian families, and 75 souls.*

Numphow lived here, as their ruler, and his son Samuel (named by the English) served his father here, as an assistant teacher. They had been educated at the expense of that society in England of which we have spoken.

This being a favorable fishing station, the tribes at certain seasons, from various quarters, often congregated here.

Eliot had sometimes preached at Pawtucket Falls during the long life-time of *Passaconaway*.† This venerable sachem was generally present to hear the sermon, to which he and his tribes usually listened attentively.

One day at the Falls, after the sermon, the Indians propounded to the Apostle many questions.

At one time (1648) the old chief, who probably had seen, upon these hill-sides, the frosts of an hundred

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* Memoirs of Eliot, pp. 101, 102, 140.

† Drake's American Indians, B. III, pp. 93, 94.

winters, rose up at the close of the service, and publicly announced his belief in the Englishman's God. Among other things, Eliot himself speaks of him thus:—

"He said he never heard of God before as he now doth; that he would consider the matter,—and would persuade his two sons [then present] to do the same."

The Text

(Malachi i, 11), translated for the occasion, was as follows: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the 'Indians'; and in every place, prayers shall be made unto my name; and a pure 'prayer';—for my name shall be great, among the 'Indians' (saith the Lord 'of hosts')."*

At Wamesit Again.

On the 5th of May, 1674, Eliot comes once again, to meet the assembled tribes,—Major-General Gookin attending the Apostle,—and holds a court here. They were together when they came, and when they went away.

Public notice had been given for the convention of the tribes, held at that time, where the Eliot Church, in Lowell, now stands. Gathering in, they filled up the space-way between the wigwams on that hill-side, to hear the Apostle,—all curious, all anxious.

At that time, the dark cloud, which had begun to overshadow New England, portending war, brought dread fear to all. This must have quickened the footstep of the Christian red-man, as he came in with his

* Francis' Life of Eliot, p. 107.

squaw and little ones, coming, as they did, from Amoskeag and other places, that they might learn lessons, and be encouraged by that great and good man, the Apostle!

Thus, now, the many tribes are here; Numphow is here; Samuel and Wonalancet are here; and Gookin is here. The sun has gone down beyond the Wachusette hills; the shades of night are spread out in the skies; the din of Pawtucket Falls is audible; and beneath the stars of heaven, as they seem to gaze down approvingly, the voice of the Evangelist, like the voice of a God, falls in upon the assembled tribes, at Wamesit, for the last, last time.*

Wonalancet.

He, then about fifty years of age, being present, was seriously impressed among others; and rising up at the close of the discourse, addressed Eliot and Gookin thus: —

"Sirs, you have been pleased for four years, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly unto me and my people; to exhort, press, and persuade us to pray (to God). I am thankful to you for your pains. I must acknowledge, have all my days been used to pass in an old canoe; and you exhort me to change that old canoe, to which I have hitherto been unwilling. But now, I yield to your advice." †

He was a son of Passaconaway. The father, at the age of more than a century (as recorded), had gone hence. The son succeeding him, as chief sachem of the Penacooks, including the Wamesits, had spread his

* Text, Matt. xxii, 1-14.

† Memoirs of Eliot, p. 102.

wigwam tent here, — and here, upon our beautiful Fort Hill, had erected his fortification, as we have seen. This was at about the beginning of dread hostilities, — during which, being a peace-maker, Wonalancet fled away with many of his men; but returned, when he had reason to believe the conflict had come to an end. At length (1677), disgusted with the repeated, unprovoked ill-treatment of some of the settlers towards him and his kindred race, he, after selling out all his lands, finally wandered away into Canada, leaving his native hills, — and never, never returned.*

Eliot's Progress.

In 1674, and up to that time, although terrible difficulties had intervened, yet Zion, even in a wilderness of many conflicts, as appears, had made progress. But now, through the threatenings of King Philip, under the many outrages of individual settlers, a terrible war is at hand.

The very elements are angry, and the muttering thunders of war are everywhere breaking in against Eliot's mission, and against the Christian civilization of the New England tribes.

The top of Zion's tree, so to speak, on which Eliot's Indian churches hang, is now beginning to be tossed by the tempest; the tornado gathers blackness, and the lightnings, followed by thunderbolts, are shooting down from the skies, chilling the blood of mortals, and, in spite of the Apostle and his peaceful Christians, distracting the populace, and turning their God-given love into mad-

* Drake's His., B. III, pp. 95-97.

ness, cruelty, and blood. Beneath its blackness are the fagot and the tomahawk, with all their nightly and morning horrors. Indeed, on the one side and on the other, it is known to be a war of extermination, — a war, not based upon the overwhelming power of Christian love, but upon the madness of brute force, wielding the blood-stained weapons of demons, — a war in which the peaceful Christian Indian will not be allowed to stand neutral; but is to be compelled to take up arms against his own kindred race, or be manacled, imprisoned, or slain by the white man; and a war in which the Bible, the Psalter, and the Prayer-book are to be laid aside, giving place to the deadly carnal weapon.

To all this, Eliot, in the agonies of his heart, demurred.

CHAPTER IV.

The Alternative.

So it was; every neutral Indian, by the colonial government, was branded as an enemy, however pure in thought or deed, or circumspect in life, he might be.

Under this pressure, some of the natives, not being willing to allow their own kindred people to be destroyed, fled into the ranks of King Philip; some of them took up arms for the English; some of them, like Wonalancet, seeking peace, wandered away into the dense wilderness afar off; * while Eliot's non-resistant, Christian red-men were seized, as at Natick, manacled, and boated down Charles River, and were held at Deer Island as prisoners of war.†

James the Printer.

In sight of the dread alternative thus offered, in which Eliot's Indians were doomed to take sides, James, although always heretofore faithful to the white man, now turning, fled away, and joined his kindred nationality. He served under King Philip, and was found with Philip's forces in the invasion of Lancaster, which captured Mrs.

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* Dearborn's Sketch of Eliot's Life, p. 15.
† Francis' Life of Eliot, pp. 277, 278.

Rowlandson, and held her for some months in captivity.* James had a desire, it seems, to save his race from the extermination then impending; yet remembering, as he must, the many good things which he had learned from the Apostle, redeemed himself in favoring the redemption of Mrs. Rowlandson from her captivity as follows. Long had this pious lady sought redemption, after extreme abuse, privation, and sorrow, but in vain. Being a clergyman's wife, a great price for her release was demanded.

One day, Mr. Hoar, with others from Boston, by permission entered King Philip's wigwam camp in the forest, to obtain this lady from captivity, and offering to Quinnopin, her master, an hundred dollars. He refused to give her up. The savage said it was not enough, and persisted in the refusal. It was all the money; and Mrs. Rowlandson is seen weeping, in a distracted, hopeless condition. James the Printer, seeing this, and his Christianized heart touched by the incident, approaching Mr. Hoar, said, "Go again to Quinnopin [her master]; offer him the hundred dollars again, and give him a pint of rum." His suggestion was obeyed; the money, *with the rum*, was accepted; and the oppressed captive was set free.

Soon afterwards this lady went forth with her revered husband, both as missionaries in New England preaching the gospel, until he was slain by the tribes; and then Mrs. Rowlandson prepared and published her popular book often found in our Sabbath schools, in which she gives many a startling incident of her captivity.

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* Drake's American Indians, B. II, pp. 50, 51.

Job Nesutan.*

Nesutan, another of Eliot's disciples, when the dread alternative came, taking sides in the use of carnal weapons, elected to turn into the fight in behalf of the English. Job had been long with James the Printer in Eliot's service; was a good linguist in the English tongue, had worked on the Bible and other books as a printer in the Indian language. In war he proved a valiant soldier, and fell in the fight during the first expedition at Mount Hope.

Old Jethro.

This pious Indian preacher had labored in the vineyard under Eliot and Gookin at Lancaster and other places, and had been long in the service. But, sad for him, when the dread alternative of the contest offered itself, he was found on the side of his own kindred and countrymen. This was the extent of his crime; yet the last his Christian brethren saw of him, he was in the hands of desperadoes on the briery pathway to Boston, with a rope about his neck, to be hanged.† And the Christian "cry" of Old Jethro was heard no more "in the wilderness."

Thus it was that numerous desperadoes could have their own way, when carnal weapons had obtained the ascendency, encouraged, as they were, by the barbarous examples of cruelty and torture which had long lived to disgrace the government of England.

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* Drake's American Indians, B. II, p. 51.

† Jethro. See Drake's American History, pp. 81, 83, 90.

Death of King Philip.

True it is, and it is but just to say it, when King Philip, in the fight for his country and nation, had been shot down in his native forest, his lifeless body torn asunder, and divided, was borne away in pieces as by brute beasts; and then the wife and the son were sold into slavery. Against all these, and other practices of the kind, Eliot, by his eloquence, by prayer and petition, constantly remonstrated. Philip is no more.*

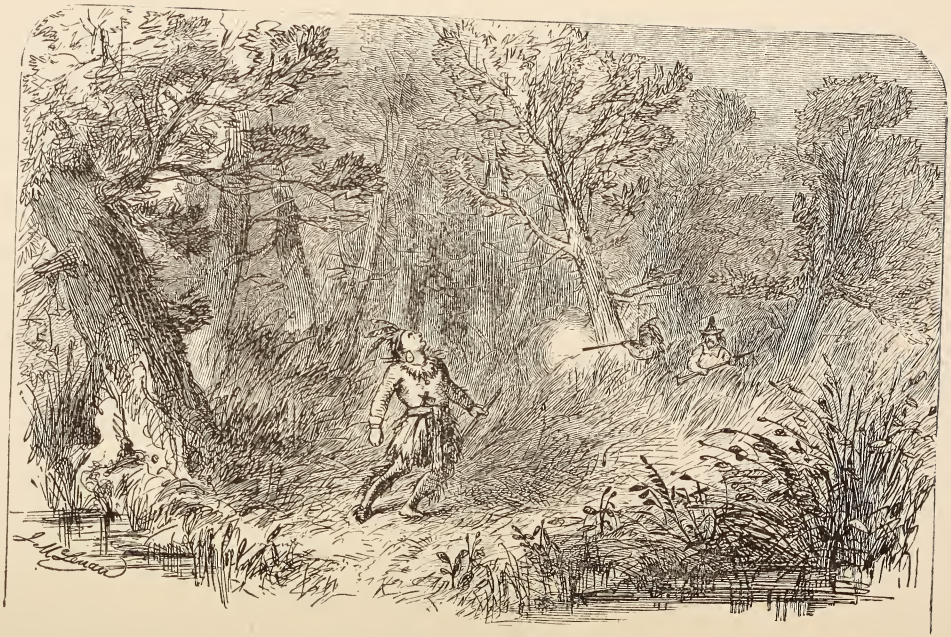
"He felt his life-blood freezing fast;
He grasped his bow, his lance and steel;
He was of Wampanoag's last,
To die were easy — not to yield.

"His eyes were fixed upon the sky;
He gasped, as on the ground he fell;
None but his foes to see him die;
None but his foes his death to tell."

The Sham Fight.

As truth impels us, we turn next to the great Training. About a month after the death of King Philip, the war then being supposed to be ended, proclamation had been made by the English, that on the sixth day of September, 1676, there was to be a great training at Cocheco (Dover, N. H.), in which the red-man, from every part of New England, was invited to participate. That day arrived. The peaceful Wonalancet was there; four hundred other Indians were there; among whom were that scattered and bereaved remnant of Eliot's men, from

* Drake's Amer. Indians, Book III, pp. 42–44.



KING PHILIP, KILLED.

Wamesit, and from other places; — some of whom had been pressed into the fight, as against a strong desire to be neutral; some of them, peaceful, had fled away, but had returned at the joyful news of peace; — and all, willing to join the white man, bringing the Christian olive-branch, had, as invited, come to the great training at Cocheco. The brigade was formed, Major Waldron, who four years afterwards was slain at midnight, was the commanding-general of the day. In the order of military exercises, there was to be a sham fight. In this, the Indians, without weapons, were stationed to the drag-ropes of the field-pieces of the artillery. The English, of course, had charge of the guns. All being ready for the onset, a signal was given, by the discharge of a field-piece; at which, by a preconcerted manœuvre, the English infantry, closing in upon the Indians on all sides, seized, manacled, and confined them all as prisoners of war.*

Thus, at Cocheco, were assembled the Wamesits, the Penacooks, the Ossipees, Pequawkets, and others, all at the pretended peace-making beck of the English; and were under the benign protection, as they thought, of the peaceful Wonalancet, and of Eliot's Christian civilization. But, alas! they were all prisoners.

Then and there, without a trial, they were separated, the peaceable from the perfidious. About two hundred of them with Wonalancet, then thought to be harmless, were released. The other two hundred, being suspected of evil intent, were marched or boated away to Boston.

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* Hubbard, historian of that day, complacently says: "They were handsomely surprised, without the loss of any person's life, to the number of 400 Indians." Drake, B. III, pp. 96, 97.

Seven or eight of them were hanged as supposed murderers; some of them were sent to other parts; some of them sold into slavery.*

PETITION OF JOHN ELIOT AGAINST THE SALE OF INDIANS.

To the Hon. Gov. and Council, sitting at Boston, this 13th of the 6th, 1675.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN ELIOT SHEWETH:

That the terror of selling away such Indians unto the Islands for perpetual slaves, who shall yield up themselves to your mercy, is like to be an effectual prolongation of the war, and such an exasperation of them, as may produce we know not what evil consequences upon all the land.

Christ hath said, blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. This usage of them is worse than death. The design of Christ in these last days is not to extirpate nations, but to gospelize them. His sovreign hand and grace hath brought the gospel into these dark places of the earth. When we came we declared to the world (and it is recorded) yea, we are engaged by our Letters Patent from the King's Majesty,—that the endeavour of the Indians' conversion, *not their extirpation*, was one great end of our enterprise in coming to these ends of the earth. The Lord hath so succeeded that work as that, by his grace, they have the Holy Scriptures, and sundry of themselves able to teach their countrymen the good knowledge of God. And however some of them have refused to receive the gospel, and now are incensed in their spirits unto a *war against the English*, yet I doubt not that the meaning of Christ is to open a door for the free passage of the gospel among them.

My humble request is, that *you would* follow Christ's design in this matter, to promote the free passage of religion among them, and *not destroy them.*

To sell souls for money seemeth to me a dangerous merchandise. To sell them away from all means of grace, when Christ has provided means of grace for them, is *the* way for us to be active in the destroying their souls. Deut. xxiii, 15, 16, a fugitive servant from a pagan master might not be delivered to his master, but be kept in Israel *for the good of his soul;*—how much less lawful to sell away souls from under the light of the gospel into a condition where their souls will be utterly lost, so far as appeareth unto man.

All men of reading condemn the Spaniard for cruelty upon this point, in destroying men, and depopulating the land. The country is large enough;

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* Drake's Amer. Indians, Book III, pp. 81–83.

The Squaw.

We, as well as Eliot, have reason also to lament the dealings of the desperadoes of our white race with the squaw sachem of Saconet.*

Prior to the death of Philip, a proclamation had been made, which called upon all his adherents to come in, giving them to understand, that they, in that case, should be dealt with mercifully. Thereupon, this squaw sachem, an ally of Philip, having first sent three messengers to the governor of Plymouth, suing for life, promising, under that proclamation, submission; and accordingly surrendered herself and tribes to Major Bradford.

But, sad to tell! they were slain, the entire one hundred and ten, that very day. Well might the Apostle expostulate.

Great God, forgive our Saxon race,
Blot from thy Book, no more to trace
Fraternal wrath infernal!
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above and earth beneath,
With dearth and death eternal! †

—here is land enough for them and us too. Prov. xiv, 28. In the multitude of people is the King's honor.

It will be much to the glory of Christ to have many brought in to worship his great name.

I desire the Honored Council to pardon my boldness, and let the case of conscience *be discussed* orderly, before the King be asked. Cover my weakness, and weigh the reason and religion that laboreth in this great case of conscience.

JOHN ELIOT."

About three months subsequently, seven Indians were sold ["to be transported to any place out of this continent"], by the Treasurer of the Colony. See Genealogy of Eliot Family, pp. 133, 134.

* Drake's Amer. Indians, Book II, p. 40.

† From my Epics, etc., p. 167.

CHAPTER V.

Extermination.

This was avowed as well on the one side as on the other. And at the hands of desperadoes, the natives, in various ways, were constantly being crowded, to the end of their lives. Provoked variously, to madness and desperation, they fought, some against their own race, some against the English settlers; and, as Cowper hath, in truth, said, "the brands rusted in their bony hands."

In view of all this, it is much to be deplored that the unbiased historian, aside from Eliot's influence, has never been able to see any material difference between the so-called civilization of that day of trial, and native savage barbarism itself, as evinced by desperadoes on the one side and on the other.

So it was at

Wamesit.

In 1675, the Indians (Oct. 27 and Nov. 4) had been provoked by English desperadoes, who had repeatedly fired upon them, at Chelmsford and elsewhere, upon suspicion that the Wamesits had been guilty of burning a barn, by and for which some of the natives had been killed.* Being thus indiscriminately accused and injured

* Francis' Life of Eliot, pp. 279, 280.

as barn-burners, it of course came to pass that the Wamesits, combining against the settlers in this locality, by reason of these aggressions long and often repeated, crossed the Merrimac in their canoes, and, falling in upon the English settlers on the north side of the river, near where the old garrison-house still stands (1880),—raising their fearful war-whoop cry, and burning down three dwelling-houses, one or more of which belonged to Edward Colburn and Samuel Varnum; said Colburn and others were shot at, and pursued by the Indians (forty in number); and while upon the river, in attempting to cross it, the two sons of Varnum in the conflict were slain. It was March 18, 1676. And on the 15th of April, then next, fourteen or fifteen English cottages in this vicinity were consumed.

Moral.

From all this, we may clearly see how great a matter a little fire may kindle; indeed, how those, who unwisely take the sword, may perish by it; and above all, how wise it shall be to learn of Eliot, bearing, forbearing, and forgiving, advancing valiantly onward, following peace with the world under God's great golden rule, as he did.

Old Men and Women.

As Philip's war progressed, the Wamesits at one time went away, deserting the station, leaving only some few old men and women here, too old to get away.* Sad to relate, soon after the young Indians left, their wigwams at night were set fire to, and all those that remained

* Sketch of the Life of Eliot, pp. 15, 16.

perished. Their ashes, no doubt, are somewhere in this ground on which we tread.*

Philip's Force.

For a considerable time he appeared to be strong and invincible. And yet that light and love, which by the Apostle had been diffused among the tribes, tended greatly to delay and dishearten a savage warfare.

But for this, the war would have been longer, and if possible more terrible; but for this, the general mass of natives would have gone over to King Philip. And in that event, the English settlers would have been most likely driven out, if not entirely exterminated. Eliot's mission to evangelize the Indian nations, although it fell short of his grand purpose, politically, as we have seen, it saved the white settler of New England,— serving, as it did, to concentrate a balance of power towards civilization and economical progress.

All the way, 'neath the war-cloud or otherwise, Eliot's constant prayer was for peace. So it was in the Missakonog troubles, which he so nobly averted and prevented. It was so in 1669, when the Massachusetts Indians made a six-years' war against the Mohawks. In that contest, along the borders of New York, seven hundred Indians, against the prayerful entreaties of Eliot, waged war in that wilderness, and more than half of them perished in the fight.† All this, and more, the Apostle had foreseen, and had raised his voice against it.

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* Drake's American Indian Wars, B. II, p. 117.
† Drake, B. II, p. 45.

Malicious Men.

Conflicts with the natives were got up, not by the masses, on the one side or the other, but, through occasional depredations, the kindling embers of anger from time to time were fanned forth to furious flames. And although terrible scenes of war and blood had transpired, beclouding and hedging up the pathway of the Apostle, in the killing of his educated ministers and teachers, and in the distraction or destruction of his Christian churches and people of his care, Eliot still survived, — yet he mourned, bereaved, and what follows.

They thence, advance 'mid oft-recurring strife,
Through conflicts desperate kindled into life,
By hate implacable still lingering long,
Avenging Philip's death; and flagrant wrong,
Remembered well, encroachments rash, designed,
Repeated oft, as self had long inclined
The natives here. But through the lapse of time,
Whence wayward hearts to better faith incline,
Whence discord wanes away, — then *Truth* began
To shed with light the vagrant paths of man;
Distracted foes their errors soon discern,
And back to reason once again return.
Then Peace, that welcome harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift, foreshadowing weal and wealth,
Brings her glad-tidings down, and cheers the land,
With prompt good-will and noble deeds at hand,
To heal the broken heart, to make amends
For wilful waste, which from the past descends.

Thence this fair vale, from mountain to the main,
In vernal grandeur buds to bloom again;
And plenteous harvest, with her golden ears,
Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives

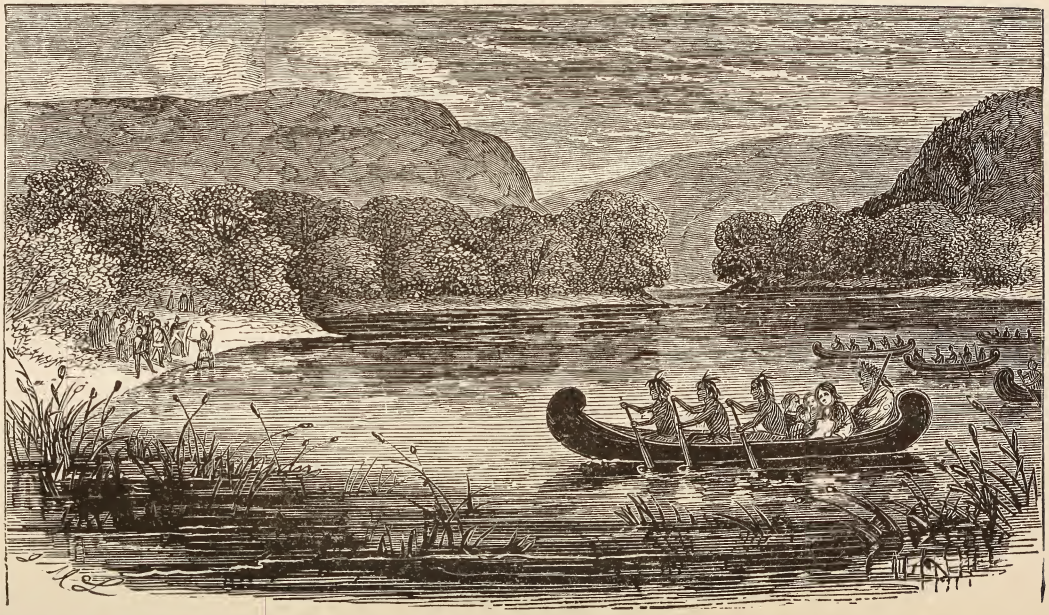
To honest toil. Here Wonalancet lives,
Unscathed by war, a sachem wise and true,
Of fragment tribes still roving far and few,
Along these banks, where Penacook had stood
For countless years, through tempest, storm, and flood;
And further seaward where Wamesit lies,
Still well entrenched, a wigwam city thrives;
Rightly reserved, the home of hunters here,
A fort within and habitations dear
To friendly red-men. While from dearth released,
From scourge of conflict, and in strength increased,
Through many a favored year the Pilgrim mind,
By faith and works religious freedom find:
Such as the fathers sought and had foretold
Should come, in grace abounding as of old.*

In that dread war, the Apostle had followed his disciples, his ministers, his teachers, his printers, his interpreters, and other brethren to their places of imprisonment, at the pines on Charles River, as they were boated away; and at Deer Island and other places, while held imprisoned and in chains; and although powerless to rescue them, his kind, discreet voice, everywhere and to all, administered comfort, encouragement, and consolation.†

And when, at Philip's death, the rancor of war seemed to subside, the Apostle again advanced, not as before, but as well as he could. On foot — in the forest, preaching, and trying to re-establish his former missionary stations; advancing, sometimes through torrents of rain, storms of hail, or drifts of snow; and sometimes, for days together, without a dry thread in his garments.

* From my Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads, p. 346.

† Dearborn's Sketch of Eliot's Life, pp. 14–17. Bigelow's Hist. of Natick, p. 36. Francis' Life of Eliot, pp. 277, 278.



PRISONERS OF WAR ON THE RIVER FOR DEER ISLAND.

Eliot at Nashua.

At one time, in the summer of 1652, he had started from Roxbury, to preach to the tribes at Nashua, some sixty miles away, as then reckoned. But while on the journey, a notice reached him of a conflict up there among the Indians, that might endanger his own life. Thereupon, for a day or two, he halted, turned aside, and waited.

The old chief at Nashua, hearing of this, at once organized an armed force of twenty Indian warriors, headed them himself, and bounding through the forest, surrounded their old Apostle, safely escorted him through, with gallant honors, to the place of his appointment, — thus they honored him, that he might preach to their waiting, assembled people.*

His Many Friends.

His Christians, those that had already been driven out from their native soil, those that had perished in the fight, or otherwise had been slain, or had died of disease or starvation during the conflicts, including those whom he, in his long life, had parted with at the common grave, had been thousands.

Yet he had consolation, that amid all the trials of earth, he had constantly borne to the breeze that gospel banner of righteousness, beautifully inscribed, "Love to God! Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

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* Drake's Hist. Amer. Indians, Book III, p. 85.

Testimonials.

Richard Baxter, the great author and scholar, in 1691, upon his death-bed in England, declared, among other sayings, "There was no man I honored above John Eliot. . . . I hope as he did; it is for his evangelical succession that I plead."

Shepard, one of his cotemporaries, then minister at Cambridge, while the Puritan settlers were trembling (in the war) for the fate of New England, exhorting his people to take courage, declared, that "the country could never perish, so long as John Eliot lived."

Cotton Mather, speaking of Eliot's eloquence, says: "He would sound the trumpet of God against all vice, with a most penetrating liveliness, and make his pulpit another Mount Sinai, for the flashes of lightning therein displayed against the breaches of the law, given from that burning mountain." *

Edward Everett, in his oration at Bloody Brook, announced his belief, that "since the death of St. Paul, a nobler, a truer, a warmer spirit than John Eliot never lived." †

But what need have we for witnesses?

John Eliot is known of all New England; and although his translations of the Bible and other books, into the Indian language, have become as a dead letter; and his Indian nations, whom he tried to save, were nearly destroyed, their descendants, being now unknown, and unheard of, save in some distant prairie or wilderness, still wandering afar off, few and far between.

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* Life of John Eliot, p. 9. † Hist. of Natick, ch. 2, p. 12.

'T is sad to tell how the Indian fell,
How the storm had swept the deck,
How the tribes of yore, all dashed ashore,
The craft became a wreck!

Bright stars shall burn, and seasons turn
Their sunny sides forever;
But ne'er to change, that mountain range
Again shall know them never.

True, true they say, there's a better day,
And *faith*, we ought to find it!
For the lights of love, that burn above,
Are lit for man to mind it.*

Eliot's Adherents.

Prior to the war, he had at his call many whom he had schooled for the Indian ministry, as teachers, as printers, as interpreters, proof-readers, etc., as we have seen; and who had aided him in his vast undertaking to civilize and evangelize the Indian nations. But first and last, and not least, among those who contributed to that great cause, there was a lady, diligent, circumspect, duteous.

Anna Mountfort Eliot.†

Their acquaintance had commenced in England; and after Eliot had been in Boston about a year, the cry, "Come over and help us," or some other cry, had reached the ear of Anna Mountfort. At once she made haste for the hazardous sea-voyage. Ah! how the gallant valor of that girl of the olden time looms up to our frail imagination!

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* From my Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads, pp. 191–195.
† Genealogy of Eliot Family, pp. 44, 55.

Beyond the seas, I seem to see her there, at early morn, about to sever herself from the mates of her childhood and from kindred ties; there, at the dear old threshold of home; there, as she takes leave of a trembling, tearful old mother, the sister, or the brother, with that last sad good-by, which never on earth, orally, was to be repeated.

Thence, through her truth and love to John Eliot, she dares the dangers of the high seas; and three thousand miles away from all else dear to her, in 1632 lands in the New World, at Boston.

And such a girl! I'll tell you true, — once here, it did not take her long to find her John's tenement, or the place of the parsonage. She had come here, bearing woman's olive-branch of peace and love. She had come, not to encumber, not to embarrass; not as a worthless, heartless image, embracing a bill of expense. No — she had come to *help John*, — had come to his field of honest labor. She had come to this wilderness, equipped and fortified with that force and power which no man on earth ever had, to wit, the transcendent power of woman's peaceful, faithful love! She had come to follow the leadership of the husband, and to advance to that sphere and vocation which the great God, in his wise economy, hath pointed out to all women.

Thus armed, thus endowed, with the power of woman's unfaltering, faithful love, that lady, just then married, was ready for duty, — ready, if need be, to enter the wild forest with her dear John, and to help him to fell the trees, and to gather together the bark and the boughs, and to build the wigwam.

Her First Work.

In the beginning, she busied herself, among other duties, in acquiring a knowledge of medicine and medical practice. But this, too, without hinderance, or interference with the cares of the household. So that, when disease, contagious or otherwise, came to the white-man or to the red-man, there she stood, by the side of John Eliot, a healing hand, holding an antidote for every languishing heart, a balm for every wound.

It was thus from the day of her marriage, that Anna Eliot became the leading exemplary spirit, in advance of those brave old New England mothers, who followed her in succession; the equals of whom, for valor, for frugal industry, for endurance, for truthfulness, and for a valiant faith in their God, the history of the world hath never known.

Thus this primeval leader of the wives of our fathers began; and thus she advanced, to the highest honors of life, and to a glorious immortality. All the way along, through a connubial life of more than half a century, — in the forest, in the field, in peace, and in dread war, — she had filled well her place, — a wife, a Christian pioneer, as well as a companion.

> With truth, and trust, and patient pride,
> At morn, at noon, or even-tide,
> She calmed the cloudy hour;
> Her heart was full of love and song,
> She cheered her Eliot all along,
> She brought him many a flower.†

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* Life of Eliot, p. 269. Eliot Genealogy, pp. 44, 45, 48.

† From my Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads, p. 160.

Her Death.

We have seen how the girl had left the home of her childhood, and father and mother and friends, in the far-off England; and now that lady, after the lapse of more than fifty years, crowned with the plaudits of "well done," takes leave of earth itself, in presence of the Evangelist in tears; animated by that true faith in God which had led them onward together through the wilderness triumphantly, that exemplary heroic spirit fled away.

And when kind friends and neighbors had come to the threshold of a lonely home, the Apostle, rising, covered with the frosts of more than fourscore winters, and calling them to the casket, said, "Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, and prayerful wife."

O, what a God-given commentary!

And now the funeral obsequies are performed, "the long procession passes by," and the earth overshadows the mortal remains of Anna Eliot.

It was a new tomb, consecrated and reserved to her, as its first inhabitant, by the gallant people of old Roxbury.* It was a tribute to fervent faithfulness and to the insignia of truth. Yet cold, too cold, as best they could make it, was such a new tomb for so warm a heart.

Eliot's Charity.

Thereafterwards the Apostle, for the want of strength, could preach but little. He had arrived at the last three

* Eliot, Gen. History, p. 53.

years of his life. Knowing that Roxbury had been supporting two ministers, to make his own labors less, he appeared before its committee, and seeking permission to relinquish his salary, said, "I do here give up my salary to the Lord; and now, brethren, you may fix that upon any man that God shall make a pastor." *

But his confiding society said, no! They said it because they loved him, and because they knew that his venerable presence in their midst was by far of more value than any salary.

One day, the parish treasurer had paid him some money, and fearing he would give it away before he reached home, he tied it up in a handkerchief, closing it in with the hardest knots he could make.

The Apostle started homeward, and on the way he turned into the cottage of a good woman in poverty. Perceiving her penniless condition, he said, "Oh! I have brought some relief to you." And he tried to untie the knots, and could n't do it. At length, passing it to the poor woman, he said, "Take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you." †

His Manners.

Hearing one of his ministry complaining of others, by reason of some unexpected coldness and ill-treatment, Eliot replied, "Brother, learn the meaning of these three little words: bear, forbear, and forgive!"

He had students; some of them, inclining to stupidity, did not rise early. "I pray you," said Eliot, "see to it that you be morning birds!"

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* Sketch of Eliot's Life, pp. 20, 22, 24. † Life of Eliot, p. 12.

Cotton Mather says, his manner of preaching was powerful, yet plain; that "his delivery was graceful; that at times his voice rose into great warmth and energy."

In his old age, while, of a Sabbath morning, an attendant was leading him up the hill to his church, "Ah!" said the Apostle, "this is very much like the road to heaven,—it is up-hill."

His Departure.

At length, on his long anticipated death-bed, while the sands of life were beginning to fall, a friend approaches him, in kindness making an inquiry. "Alas!" said Eliot, "I have lost everything,—my understanding leaves me, my memory leaves me; but, thank God, my charity holds out still."

Then, at a later hour, another of his ministry called, sympathetically. At the first sight of his friend, he whispered, "You are welcome to my very soul. Pray retire into my study for me, and give me leave to be gone." Of course the friend retired. Soon then, obtaining leave to be gone, the noble triumphant spirit of John Eliot vanished into thin air, beyond the clouds. Its last rays, like the rays of the beautiful sunset, shooting upward, thence beamed backward on this world of ours.

The very stars of heaven, at this moment, are typical,—just as if, bespeaking, they were still transfusing that evangelical light and love, which was first diffused here by the Evangelist, to the heathen nations of New England.

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* Memoirs of Eliot, pp. 150, 151. Adams' Life of Eliot, p. 275.

The tones of his voice, audible everywhere, are still rising above the ordinary whispers of a sainted soul. In it there is no uncertain sound. It comes to us, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord," and make your paths straight.

From the very walls of your churches that same apostolic acclaim hath reverberated, for more than two hundred years. It is still here. The voice of the Evangelist still whispers to the young man, to the maiden, and to the little ones, — in the Sabbath school, at the fire-side, and at the family altar. Known of all men, the very name of the Apostle is glorious. Plainly it is known, at the distance of two centuries, as if it had forever been engraved upon the New England door-post, — known universally, as if from canvas it had swung upon the guide-post in all the highways of the land.

So it is, that New England still profits by the far-seeing leadership of John Eliot, by his apostolic plans, purposes, precepts, and examples, which have come down to us full of light, transfusing the primeval true lessons of life. Everywhere, spiritually, his Evangelical hand, far extended, is still writing upon the wall. It is an index, true, faithful, and profitable, serving to point the generations onward and upward, to that great

City Above Us,

Where the saints and the angels, with banners unfurled,
Chant holy hosannas to the God of the world;
Up there, where the fields, bright beaming, are proud,
Like the tints, 'mid the rain-drops, of the bow in the cloud;
Where the lakes and the rivers pure silver unfold,
And the rocks of the mountains are garnished of gold.

There, sweeter than morn, in the glory of spring,
The lily waves wide and the wild warblers sing;
From the farthest fixed star, as ye see it bright burning,
Around which the spheres, vast, eternal are turning;
Where did the great maker stand forth from his throne,
When he framed the creation, and called it his own;—*

There, there may you find the great New England evangelical pioneer, amid throngs of the blest, in robes of living light, and in the joys of his God.

Earth's Conflict.

This with the Evangelist was long and arduous. But now (1690) it hath come to an end. Not so with the Indian churches which he left living, of whom Cotton Mather says: "There were [then] six churches of baptized Indians in New England, and eighteen assemblies of catechumens professing the name of Christ. Of the Indians, there are four-and-twenty preachers; and besides these there are four English ministers, who preach the gospel in the Indian tongue."

It is sad to say that these, partly through the infirmity of membership, partly for want of constant ministerial support, and mostly by reason of depredations and ill-usage from many of the English settlers constantly crowding, were finally driven to distraction and to desperate ends.

Yet, as against all this, the Natick Indian church, after Eliot's demise, for many years maintained its town organization, until at length it became greatly diminished in population; and finally, by an Act of the legislature

* From my Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads, p. 18.

it yielded its entire organization to the English. So that, in 1792, there were in Natick but one Indian "family of five persons and two single women." *

And then, with all the rest of the New England enfeebled tribes disorganized, one after another, they wandered farther back into the wilderness, and thence vanished away to the ends of the earth.

During all these intervening years, from the death of the Apostle, murders and wars and conflicts of every description, with but brief interventions of peace, had ensued, many of which were terrible. For instance, as late as 1777, transpired the capture and murder of a young lady,

JANE MCCREA (LUCINDA).

Thus it happened, that by reason of aggressions on the part of the English soldiery (the contest for the native soil not being then quite ended), a small tribe, skulking about the camp of Jones, a young English captain, where Jane, his betrothed, was briefly making a visit, seized her there and dragging her by the arms and hair, mounted her upon a horse, and hurried her back into the dense wilderness. The captain, missing the girl, at once dispatched two friendly Indians to pursue and obtain and bring back to him his dearest lost prize; then, hastening himself to another trail, he also pursued the tribe. Now, as appears, the Indians had obtained the young lady, but upon a dispute between themselves as to which should present her to the captain, and obtain a barrel of rum which had been offered for her return, they in the affray

* Memoirs of Eliot, p. 120.

struck her down with a tomahawk. The captain at that moment appearing in sight, and hearing the shriek of the dying girl, fell upon the two Indians, and they also were both slain at his hands. This was near the banks of the Hudson.

These are facts which tend to show how carnal weapons, even at that late day, were still used. How at the hands of desperadoes, seeking neither Christianity nor civilization, the earth was still being stained with the blood of mortals. This incident was long ago poetized by Barlow, and an extract is deemed appropriate.

"Lucinda's fate! The tale ye nations hear,
Eternal ages trace it with a tear.

"He hurries to his tent. Oh! rage! despair!
No glimpse, no tidings of the frantic fair,
Save that some car-men, as a-camp they drove,
Had seen her coursing for the western grove.
Faint with fatigue, and choked with burning thirst,
Forth from his friends with bounding leap he bursts;
Vaults o'er the palisade with eyes aflame,
And fills the welkin with Lucinda's name!

"The fair one, too, with every aid forlorn,
Had raved and wandered, till officious morn
Awaked the Mohawks from their short repose,
To glean the plunder ere their comrades rose.

"Two Mohawks met the maid,—historian, hold!
She starts, with eyes upturned, and fleeting breath,—
In their raised axes views her instant death.
Her hair, half lost along the shrubs she passed,
Rolls in loose tangle round her lovely waist;

. . . . . .

With calculating pause and demon grin,
They seize her hands, and through her face divine

Drive the descending axe! the shriek she sent
Attained her lover's ear! — he thither bent
With all the speed his wearied limbs could yield,
Whirled his keen blade, and stretched upon the field
The yelling fiends; who there, disputing (stood)
Her gory scalp, their horrid prize of blood!
He sunk delirious on her lifeless clay,
And passed, in starts of sense, the dreadful day." *

STILL, TRUE IT PROVED,

that after the Indian conflicts in New England, which had brought terror and dismay to our Pilgrim and Puritan settlers for more than half a century from the death of the Apostle, yet never forgetting him, the Indians, withdrawing from their rivers and ponds and from their hunting and trapping grounds, gradually disappeared. In their departure they left behind them, not the ruins of desolated cities nor lofty castles, but the same old wilderness, for the most part dense and dark as ever, and now and then on the banks of rivers and on the lake and ocean shores they accidentally left many a sample of their bows and arrows, their chisels, their tomahawks, and their mortars made of stone. Still, on the north, from the beautiful Lake Winnipesaugee in New Hampshire, one that may be called the last lone tribe, wandering, hunting, still lingered in that dense wilderness. Its great chief was the warlike, devil-daring

CHOCORUA.†

He was the last of the Pequawkets! Oh, what clusters of incidents, terrible in their impressions, seem to rally around that gallant but cruel historic name. Prior to the

* Drake's Amer. Ind., B. III, p. 101. † Pronounced Cheh-corrua.

year 1766, and for years perhaps up to that time, this great chief had hunted that old forest, of which the town of Burton had become the centre, and in which that lofty mountain which still bears Chocorua's name now stands, as it hath stood from the Creation. This mountain historic hath ever been known and visited for its tragical history, as well as for its scenery and the beautiful landscapes that adorn it, near to it and in the distance towards the great lake, towards the lofty white mountain-peaks and far away to the high seas.

This old chief had a family. His squaw died, and was buried (beneath a log structure, after the manner of some of the tribes) by the brook-side where he had first found her.

He had a small Indian boy, his son, who, after the death of the mother, continued daily to tag after his father, the chief, in his ramblings and huntings in the wilderness.

At length, one day, as it happened, while at the cottage of one Campbell, a white settler, the boy got poisoned, and, returning home to the wigwam, soon died.* Chocorua averred that the white-man poisoned the boy purposely. Afterwards, one day, when the father of the family had left home, returning at night, he found the wife and children of his house all murdered. After burying the dead, the white settlers followed Chocorua to the same mountain which still bears his name, in Burton (now Albany, N. H.). They there discovered the chief on the mountain cliff, at its highest pinnacle, and, commanding him to jump off, "Ah," said he, "the great Spirit gave Chocorua his life, and he'll not throw it

* See Legend by L. Maria Child.

away at the bidding of the white-man." At this, Campbell shot him; and, while dying, he, with doleful, husky exclamation, pronounced awful curses upon the English.

From that day to this, the want of vegetation in that mountain, all its deaths, and all the diseases upon the cattle and upon the inhabitants of that region, have been attributed to that "dread curse of Chocorua."*

Not many years since, on a hunting excursion to the New England mountains, we encamped beneath the brow of Chocorua over-night, and in a trance fell into the following

Soliloquy.

The tired hounds at length are sleeping,
And over our tent, wild night is weeping
  Dark dews in the Burton wood;
While from her distant radiant fountain,
The queenly moon lights up the mountain
  Where brave Chocorua stood.

To this the ills of earth had brought him,
'T was here the white-man sought and fought him,
  In daring, dashing numbers;
From whence despair had deigned to dwell,
Chocorua, wounded, faltering fell,
  And here in death he slumbers.

Entranced beneath thy craggéd peak,
Creation vast!—thy summit bleak,
  Thy varied vales I ponder;
I reverence Him who shaped the hills,
These silvery lakes, those glittering rills,
  Wild, in a world of wonder.

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* Drake's Amer. Ind., B. III, p. 101.

Up 'neath the stars, yon glimmering slope,
Piled range on range, they fill the scope
  Of man's enchanted vision;
Bold there above a heaving sea,
For aye to vie in majesty,
  Earth's grandest, proud position!

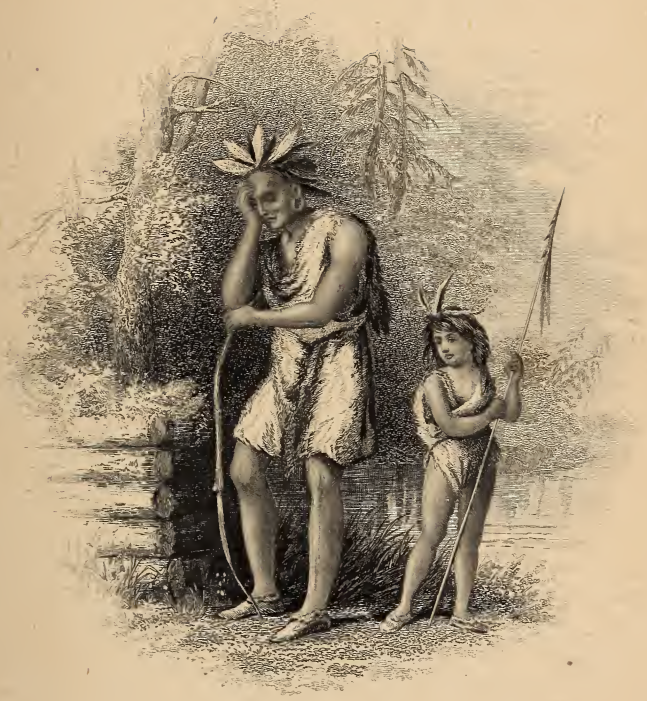
Life and its joys Chocorua sought,
His tribe he trained, as nature taught,
  Mild in these magic mountains;
With bow and arrow known of yore,
Vast wood-lands, wild, he hunted o'er,
  Dame fed him at her fountains.

Of what wild waters yield in view,
Chocorua launched his light canoe
  On many a rapid river;
Fierce falcons faltered in the air,
And the wild-deer bounded from his lair
  At the rattle of his quiver.

From boyhood brave, a priest he roved;
Faithful at heart, he fervent loved
  Keoka, ne'er to sever;
No happier pair could earth produce,
Keoka true — and a proud pappoose
  Inspired that wigwam ever.

With truth and trust, and patient pride,
At morn, at noon, or eventide,
  She calmed the cloudy hour;
Her heart was full of love and song,
She cheered Chocorua's life along,
  She brought him many a flower.

Such was the life Chocorua sought,
Such were the charms Keoka brought,
  Unselfish, unpretending;
Kings of the earth, I 'd envy not,
Give me to know Chocorua's lot,
  Such faith, such favor blending!



Ten times a day Chocorua swept
Ten times a day his shadow swept
In plumy form around her.

Soon then, alas! sad fatal years,
That moved heroic hearts to tears,
  Fell heavy on Pequawket;
Dread death, that brought Keoka blind,
Had mazed Chocorua in his mind,
  The tribes began to talk it.

Of rushes rude they made her shroud,
In crooked form a casket proud,
  And laid her in the wild-wood,
Beside a rippling river shore,
Where many a song and dance of yore
  Had cheered her happy childhood.

Six logs laid high on either side,
Embraced they hold that sacred bride,
  With a rail-made roof around her;
Deep calm at rest, devoid of fears,
Of loves, of hopes, or tender tears,
  Where first Chocorua found her,

A white flag fluttered in the air,
Sweet stars from heaven glittered there,
  And the zephyrs came to love her;
Deep wood-lands whispered sighs unknown,
The plaintive pines their loss bemoan,
  And the wild rose creeps above her.

Ten times a day Chocorua wept;
Ten times a day his shadow swept
  In plumy form around her;
The partridge fluttered from his trail,
And the she-wolf nightly heard his wail,
  To a troubled trance it bound her.

Where'er he turned, where'er he roamed,
Or when around the grave he mourned,
  There prompt and true to mind him,
His little lad with lifted eye,
As if to hail that mother nigh,
  Tripped on, and stood behind him.

'T was thus Chocorua's heart was pressed;
Long months moved on, but gave no rest;
  Sad thus, dread fate had made it;
Still there is grief as yet unknown,
" One trouble never comes alone,"
  Our dear old mothers said it.

Next then indeed, how true it proved!
Another fate as fortune moved
  Came cruel quite as t'other;
By hidden drugs, in malice made,
Alas! the boy hath fallen dead,
  To moulder with his mother.

Then wailed Chocorua wilder still,
Without a heart, without a will,
  A ghost-like, lurking wonder;
Yet in his flesh there 's native fire,
Though earth and hell in crime conspire,
  To drive the soul asunder.

True, true the story oft is told,
Chocorua hateful here of old
  Brought maledictions many;—
" Curse on yr white-man's soul!" he prayed;
" Curse on yr living and yr dead,
  Nor give him gospel any!

" Yr war-path let it lay in snares,
Yr fields laid low of frost and tares,
  Yr pestilence supernal;
Of crime accursed, for aye to know
Prompt penalties of pain and woe
  On all yr heads infernal.

" Vile, heartless knaves! ye killed my boy,
My own Keoka's darling joy;—
  E'er in the grave she rested;
By deadly drugs laid low, he died,
Me too, ye 've slain!—let devils deride
  Ye, tortured, damned, detested.

"Ho! let the war-whoop lead the fight,
The torch, the tomahawk, at night,
Yr habitations storming!
Drive deep the axe, the scalping blade,
Spare never a white-man, child or maid,
Give carnage to the morning!

"Great Spirit, let thy lightnings flash!
Thy fiery vengeance, let it dash
Down where the pale-face prowls;
On Campbell's head, on all he owns,
Let panthers perch upon his bones
While hot in h—l he howls!"

Thus prayed Chocorua, bleeding, slain;
Vengeance from thence eternal came
To a devastation certain;
Nay, ever since, from then to this,
Not a breath of hope nor breeze of bliss
Hath moved these woods of Burton.

Veiled now in shadows stands the sun,
The Indian hunter's day is done
In these New England borders;
A baleful shaft his heart hath broken,
Out from the cloud the fates betoken
Unwonted strange disorders.

Dread on that night and hitherto
The heavens let fall malarious dew
Far down these murky mountains;
Of all the flowers, not one is known;
The maple leaf is dry, half grown,
And death is in the fountains.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub-oak falters at the root,
And the snail is lank and weary.
The fated fawn hath found his bed;
Huge hawks, high-flying, drop down dead
Above that apex dreary.

Faded, the vales no fruits adorn;
The hills are pale with poisoned corn;
  The flocks are lean, repining;
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field
  Forlorn, in death declining.

'T is thus we 're made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas, deep in dearth,
  Sad, from some bad beginning;
From cruelty to friend or foes,
Our morbid pains or mental woes
  Prove but the pangs of sinning.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there
  With wood-nymphs wild attending.
'T is heard far up the mountain-side,
That plaint of earth's down-trodden tribe,
  Bleak with the zephyrs blending.

Great God, forgive our Saxon race!
Blot from Thy book, no more to trace
  Fraternal wrath infernal,
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above, and earth beneath,
  With dearth and death eternal!

. . . . .

Come, boys! we 'll take our tents away
To better vales. 'T is break of day;
  And the hounds are awake for duty.
Blow, blow the horn! A gracious sun
Hath brought a brotherhood begun
  In life, in love, in beauty!

Caverly's (Robt. B.) Works.

THE MERRIMAC AND ITS INCIDENTS. Epic Poems. Boston: Innes & Niles. 1865. 12mo. 80 pages. Illustrated. Price, $2.00.

Under four divisions or heads: *First*, Its creation. *Second*, Its landscape, disconnected with animal life, a mere wild extensive surface, over which, by force of gravitation, the water-shed of New England conducts its rains, gathered from the mist and cloud, down the vales one hundred and ten miles, — now through broad intervales, now down in dashing waterfalls, and now variously rolling onward to a boundless ocean. *Third*, Its finny inhabitants, its animals, and its native Indian tribes. *Fourth*, Its English settlers, its peace and its wars, its founders of cities, arts and sciences, and the onward advance of civilization.

"THE MERRIMAC AND ITS INCIDENTS. This is a finely printed book, and relates to subjects of peculiar interest to those who dwell on the banks of our noble and beautiful river. The poet recites, in harmonious numbers, the events which happened in this region in the early history of the country. Conspicuous among these are the captivity and rescue of Mrs. Duston. The verses celebrate her sufferings, her courage, and her deliverance. It is a fresh honor to the heroine of Haverhill. The bard pursues the narrative until he tells how she

'Wandered through the wild,
And Haverhill reached.'

. . . . . .

'And there they rest. There upward points to-day
A monument of stone from Duston's clay.
Her noble deeds are held in high renown,
Sacred, like heirloom, in that ancient town;
And long as Merrimac's bright waters glide,
Shall stand that mother's fame still by its side.'

. . . The author of this poem is a distinguished lawyer of Lowell. He has rendered an important service, and one not at all likely to be at once remunerative to him. He has brought into fresh notice times and men who should not be forgotten, and embalmed their deeds and memories in verse which in this region may well be immortal."—*From the* HON. NATHAN W. HAZEN, *in the Essex Banner, Aug. 10, 1866.*

"SELECT READINGS FROM MR. CAVERLY'S POEMS, AT GREENWOOD. The pastoral preludes on the organ did not more surely carry the listener

out into the pure, intoxicating enjoyment of Nature, than did the musical beat of the speaker's words, as in his first and longest piece, he described the sights and sounds of primitive New England. As we listened, we thought it might not improperly be called a *symphonic song*, or *poem of the creation*, — there was such comprehensive blending of varied melodies. We were taken back to the time when 'the morning stars sang together'; and then, by the gradually more measured tread of the language, the worlds were launched, and the mountains reared their crests up to the stars. In majestic diction, the hills of New England were depicted. In the more flowing numbers that succeeded, we were aware that the streamlets were born, and trickling, drew their silver line down the rocky slopes. Through the meadows meanders the peaceful river, gladdening herb and bird and man. The songs of the happy tenants of the air, and the sounds of many innocent and prosperous industries, are heard from every side. Then, in more constrained, almost impatient rhythm, is given the vivid picture of Nature in chains, but even the captive is beneficent. No longer the sportive, rambling runlet, but now the giant Merrimac in the hands of the Philistines. The noise of a thousand wheels, the whirl of ten thousand spindles, and the clatter of looms, are pictured in language fitly chosen to typify these active, gigantic, and incessant activities. And then, like peace after strife, comes the melodious description of the gorgeous fabrics, more wonderful than any fairy legend, and by the rich, subdued spirit of content that fills the verse, we feel, without being told, that a state of society in which all amenities, graces, and charities flourish, is the purposed end of the magnificence and wealth of the creation." — REV. AUSTIN S. GARVER, *in an article as found in a public journal of April, 1877.*

"DESCRIPTIVE SCENES. Thoreau, Tracy, Walker, and Whittier have cast their garlands of praise upon the Merrimac. Mr. Caverly brings another, in the verse which Goldsmith used; and makes it evident that he not only loves the busy current, but that he has also carefully examined the history of those inhabiting its banks, even to the remotest times." — *From the New England Historic, Genealogical Register of 1867, p. 383.*

GENEALOGY OF THE CAVERLY FAMILY, from the year 1116 to the year 1880, made profitable and exemplified by many a Lesson of Life. Lowell, Mass.: George M. Elliott. 1880. Printed at the Vox Populi Office. 200 pages. 12mo. Fully illustrated.

"I have read with great pleasure the excellent oration of R. B. Caverly, Esq., before the Caverly family, and the interesting lineage of the race. I am thankful that he has been pleased to make such a fine contribution to our genealogical literature. The book is an honor to him, and to his kindred It is also highly creditable to the enterprising publishers I see not why our works on genealogy need be so dull and dry. The family certainly is the home of poetry; and all our brightest hopes, and happiest, purest thoughts concentre in it. Why, then, should works on the subject be so dull and stupid? This fine volume shows us they need not be. He has most happily interblended narrative, anecdote, poetry, picture, and counsel with his genealogy, and made almost a romance out of his material. He has put himself and his bright ideas into it, and taught us how such works *may* and should be written. The illustrations come in just right, and are very fine. I hope his book, so full of sprightly thoughts, and bearing marks of careful research on every page, will be appreciated by his kindred, and the public also. I shall place it amongst my choicest volumes, and frequently refer to it." — *From the* REV. ELIAS NASON, *the celebrated author.*

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"We have been permitted to glance at the proof-sheets of a new volume by Robert B. Caverly, Esq. Among others, the poem 'Arlington' is a tender, touching reverie, expressive of what occurred to him while standing upon the Potomac bridge between Washington and Arlington Heights, the one the great city of the living, the other of the dead; and what occurred to him on a walk from there, over and around Arlington and back, in the shades of the evening, after Grant's inauguration. Here the poet wanders amid the desolated beauty of nature and the graves of the fallen heroes; and recounts in his finest style the touching and romantic history of the fallen hero, and the desolation of war. The volume contains copious notes, which assist the reader in recalling the historic incidents to which allusion is made in the poems. 'Arlington' appears to have been written on the day of the inauguration, and begins thus:—

'Potomac rolls her fountains down
Deep gliding 'neath the shades that crown
My theme of contemplation;
While night begins to chase away
The living throngs and proud display
Of the great inauguration.'

"While wandering towards the heights, he inquires the way. A portion of the answer is given thus:—

'"Go back," he said, "and take the day;
Untimely spectres haunt the way,
When night lets fall her curtain;
There, where rebellion rose at first,
Where slavery, doomed of God, was cursed,
They strangely stroll, uncertain."'

"What can be more touchingly beautiful than the following:—

'Half halting, 'mid the sainted throng,
In the pebbled path I pass along,
At the foot of the soldier sleeping;
Life's noblest history, brief and brave,
I trace it, lettered on the grave
In careful, kindest keeping.'

"And yet again we have a fine thought:—

'Eternal frosts, with deadly blight,
From the heavens above, fell down that night,
When Lee took marching orders;

Sweet fields no more could bloom to bear,
Nor tender vine, with vintage rare,
Had growth within these borders.'

"Two quotations more, and we are done:—

'Strangers, indeed! but no less brave
In brunt of battle, there they gave
Sweet life to treason's havoc;
From bleakest, bloody fields they've come,
Out from the shades of Old Bull Run,
And down the Rappahannock. . . .

'How beauteous is the gateway here,
That leads from earth to heaven, so near
It meets my finite vision;
It spans the whirling spheres afar,
The midnight moon, the shooting star,
That lingers in transition.'"

— *From the Lowell (Courier) Star, Oct. 25, 1870.*

"MR. CAVERLY'S NEW BOOK. The poem which opens the volume, and gives it its name, was written to commemorate an event well known to our readers, when an eagle lighted on the Ladd and Whitney monument. The same eagle, as it is supposed, was shortly after captured in Litchfield, brought to Lowell, was purchased by subscription, and set free from the top of Carleton Block, in the presence of thousands. Mr. Caverly takes this bird as the representative of his species, and calls for his experience, which the bird proceeds to give, from the pre-historic ages down to his capture and liberation." — *From the Lowell Courier, Oct. 28, 1870.*

"MR. CAVERLY'S ENTERTAINMENT. The First Congregational Church was well filled last evening, to listen to the readings by R. B. Caverly, Esq. Mr. Caverly's readings were all from his own Poems, giving a variety of style and sentiment, and affording an opportunity to judge of his versatility of talent. He is particularly fond of dressing up the quaint legends of the aborigines in the language of poesy, and the Wigwam of Contoocook, and the Bride of Burton, were good examples of this work. There were not wanting, however, the lighter strains, as in the 'Voice of Spring,' and the 'Allegory' of the Squirrel, irresistibly reminding one of Wordsworth, though not exactly like him. 'The Golden Wedding' was in a humorous strain, after Saxe and Holmes, and caused a ripple of laughter to sweep over the audience as the pictures of the olden New England life were drawn. In those days, as Mr. Caverly said in his introduction, the long winter evenings were occupied in surprise parties and golden weddings. . . . Mr. Caverly's second volume of poems, in dainty dress, is now ready, and will form a handsome holiday gift for those who desire to do honor to the poet of the Merrimac. The living voice and presence of the author are a great help in the enjoyment of his verses, but those who have been unable to hear him will find a fund of enjoyment in perusing the volumes at their leisure."—GEORGE A. MARDEN, ESQ., *Poet, and Proprietor of the Lowell Courier, Oct. 26, 1871.*

HISTORY OF BARNSTEAD, from its first settlement in 1727, to 1872. Lowell, Mass.: Marden & Rowell. Commenced by Dr. J. P. Jewett, and after his decease, written, illustrated, and published by Robt. B. Caverly, of the Massachusetts (N. E.) Bar. Price, $2.00. 264 pages.

"This is a book skilfully written, well printed, and finely illustrated. It will last much longer than ordinary books."—*From the Vox Populi, 1872.*

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Creation vast! thy summit bleak,
Thy varied vales I ponder;
I reverence Him who shaped the hills,
These silvery lakes, those glittering rills,
Wild, in a world of wonder.'

The other contents are 'Victory,' and a variety of patriotic, personal, and special poems. The execution of the work is commensurate with the merits of its contents."— *From the Boston Traveller, 1872.*

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'Why care,' said I, 'for ghost or elf?
How soon you 'll turn to one yourself,
More worthy of your minding.'"

—*From* Z. E. Stone, Esq., *known as an eminent journalist, having been present at the entertainment.*

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—*From the* Hon. John A. Goodwin, *Editor Vox Populi*, 1880.